

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

GEORGE CADOUAL.

WHATEVER may be the best mode of writing history, our heart always instinctively feels that the poetical mode of writing it is the best. Strip an individual existence—our own, for example—down to its bare prose, and we at once revolt against the monstrous injustice. We know that the prose is only borne, only toiled through, from the poetry which our fancy, our hope, our affections, our faith, interweave with it, and because we are able to throw over the most squalid rags and the most horrible misery the purple robe of our dreams. Is all, however, to be bare prose in the being of nations? Are they to borrow no lustre, no warmth, no majestic and jewelled garments, from a procreant imagination, and a grand idealism? We are half inclined to believe that England has had, as yet, but two great historians—Shakespeare and Scott. The others assuming to be historians are, with various degrees of merit, essayists, penny-a-liners, and pamphleteers. Carlyle writes history pictorially, with the hot and lavish colors of the old chroniclers, somewhat of prophetic rage and of Hebrew earnestness intermingling. If Macaulay had called his volumes, which have more the ambition of vivacity than real liveliness, memoirs, and not history, we might have admitted that, if not good history, they were excellent memoirs. As to Grote, Hallam, and so many others, whatever acuteness, or power, or learning they may display in critical dissertation and political discussion, we reject them, without scruple, as historians. This skilful anatomy tells us nothing of the living man: tells us, indeed, the less the more skilful it is. But the poet's genius reproduces the past, not exactly as it was, for nothing can do this, yet as faithfully, glowingly, and organically as human faculties permit. It is not the Whig rhetorician Macaulay, but the Tory poet Scott, that brings the Highlanders once more before us, nearly such as they were. We turn from the special pleadings of the one to the magnificent delineations of the other, as much from the instinct of justice as

from excited feeling and enchanted phantasy: and Rob Roy, if interesting to us as the epical portraiture of a proud and passionate race, we likewise revere as authentic record of deeds, as genuine resuscitation of manners, customs, laws of a whole and very peculiar constitution of society.

The more a nation is prosaic, the more should what is poetical in its career be poetically narrated. The French are inordinately prosaic, but how marvellous the poetical episodes that have flashed on their impulsive but unimaginative existence! Voltaire wrote in his old age an obscene and abominable book on the Maid of Orleans: but what more poetical figure than Joan of Arc has ever revealed itself to the holiest enthusiasm of mankind? Scarcely less sublime than the movement of which Joan was the angelic centre, though ending as unavoidably in defeat as that ended by necessity in triumph, was the outburst of peasant daring and devotedness which, known as *Chouannerie* and by other names, was, for a season, more formidable to the principles and champions of the French Revolution, than the foreign foes of both. This has been called a Royalist reaction, and it was so to some extent; but it was, moreover, something deeper and stronger. There was far less in the Bourbons than in the Stuarts to inspire attachment. They had uttered their last word, and done their last deed, in the melo-dramatic Louis the Fourteenth; and, when that melo-drama was concluded, nothing remained but a miserable commonplace sinking, now into idiocy, and now into sensuality. Whatever our political sentiments, we find it easy enough to surround our Charles the First with martyr glory. But, let us hold what political doctrines we may, we cannot snatch even from a bloody scaffold a martyr radiance and a martyr crown for Louis the Sixteenth. The fierce risings and the lavish valors of which Brittany was the chief field, were no doubt turned to political purposes; but religion kindled them and kept them alive. The French Revolution was partly an explosion of wrath; a great shriek of justice and revenge; but it was also an attempt with

many to realize the merest and maddest abstractions. As righteous anger, as righteous judgment, as retribution for the wrongs and sufferings of long ages, it had the immense majority of the people in its favor. As a Robespierre pedantry there was no honest earnest soul that did not feel himself summoned to strangle it. The natives of Brittany and of the bordering districts were not behind their compatriots in saluting the Revolution with true French rapture. But when it menaced the altar, after crushing the throne — when festivals to the Goddess of Reason were celebrated by those who were priests to the guillotine, the Goddess of blood — the simple and superstitious soul of the peasant began to view the throne and altar as one. You may artificially get up and keep up a political movement, as Irish agitators, to the terror of English statesmen, have repeatedly proved; but you cannot artificially get up and keep up a religious movement. Next to their own strong emotions, next to the inspiring symbols of the Catholic faith, which they found on the hill-side, by the way-side, on their cottage walls, everywhere, the Chouans had no powerful pleaders for what seemed to them a holy cause, except the spiritual instructors whom they had been accustomed from their youth to venerate — the poor curates, who had been born like themselves in rude, low huts, who had fed on the same coarse fare, who had been nourished by the same traditions, and who were their leaders to heaven, because, in senses the most various and touching, their brothers on earth. There was not much real sympathy between the Chouans and the French emigrants. The latter had neither the same noble motives nor the same noble objects. They deplored a court, a ceremonial, an etiquette vanished, their own fussy importance, their own unjust or ridiculous privileges extinguished, rather than a mighty monarchy overthrown; and Burke, in his declamatory pages, ascribed to them chivalrous virtues which few of them possessed. By the English government the Chouans were ill understood, and inadequately supported; partly, perhaps, from that indifference to foreign affairs, which, except when there has been a Chatham or a Canning, has always been a leading feature of English statesmen; but partly also for other reasons. The pity of the English ministers for France's woes, and for the misfortunes of her kings,

was small compared to the dread which they either honestly entertained, or deemed it prudent to affect, for the huge and angry upheaval of the democracy. They had a natural, and in the main honorable, dislike to encourage civil war. They wanted whatever was done for the restoration of the Bourbons to be both ostensibly and substantially as much as possible the achievement of English force, the result of English influence: and, finally, the mere politician is always puzzled and annoyed by exceptional energies and enterprises, however much they may help what he is expending all his skill to accomplish. Politics can never be more even with the wisest than a half-wisdom: and, in the majority of cases, it would be found not to be the best half. But what the brave Chouans dared and did attracts us all the more that it was so exclusively a religious fervor, a poetical marvel, that the clear vision was not obscured by the dust of bureaucracies, that the free step was not entangled by state intrigues, that the valiant conscience was not corrupted by the lies, misled by the schemes, of adventurers.

The *Iliad* of the Chouans had many leaders, many heroes; its Achilles was George Cadoual, who has hitherto fitted before the English eye as a dim and somewhat dubious figure. It will be easy to make this figure more a distinct fact for our countrymen. Another and a more gifted hand must clothe it with its whole dramatic interest.

George Cadoual was born on the 1st of January, 1771, at Kerléano, a village situated in the parish of Brech, in that part of Lower Brittany which now forms the department of Morbihan. He has been usually spoken of as the son of a wealthy miller, but his most recent French biographer asserts that his father was a farmer cultivating his own land. George was no rude untutored boor: he received a careful and complete education at the college of Vannes, which he had just left when, in 1789, the revolutionary movement began. Fresh from classical studies, the wild cry of freedom, the rattle of shivered chains, did not find or leave him indifferent. He was dazzled by the first roseate hopes: he was carried away by the first delirium of ideas which had not yet received a dread consecration in slaughter and in flame. But when the same coarse and cruel hands, which had torn the crown from a king's brow

tried to darken the halo round the head of the Blessed Virgin, and to sweep it away as if it were no better than a priestly imposture or a painter's trick, George Cadoudal's heart revolted. Herein, as we have already shown, his feelings were not peculiar; the warm welcome to triumphant liberty ending in disappointment and disgust at violated religion. Bernardin de Saint Pierre, in the introductory passages of his interesting *Voyage to the Isle of France*, has given us some glimpses of what Brittany and its inhabitants were in 1768, nearly a hundred years ago, which are worth reproducing. There was at that time an immense quantity of uncultivated land on which grew broom, and furze, and heath. The peasant was badly clothed in a coarse brown stuff, drank nothing but water, and lived on rye bread. Everything had to the eye of Saint Pierre a diminutive and shrunken look. The hills were small, the valleys small, trees, men, and animals small. The country, divided into fields of corn and into pasturages surrounded by ditches and shaded by oaks, chestnut trees, and quickset hedges, had a neglected and melancholy look. Quarries of slate, of red and white marble, mines of lead, in which silver was occasionally found, were less sources of wealth to the province than its cattle and its manufactures of linen and thread, — manufactures chiefly of that domestic kind once so common in Scotland, and the influence of which, their other merits or demerits apart, is as beneficial morally as that of the giants brought forth by the steam-engine is the reverse. Saint Pierre complains much of the aristocratic oppression which the peasant suffered. The ambition of the French kings, the persevering designs of French statesmen, and the instinct toward unity in the French nation, had alike tended to crush the great aristocracy; but it was only in most cases to raise up a petty aristocracy, which, if less a political power, was, when it came to the contact between man and man, more a social tyranny. The peasant in Brittany, however, had a remedy for the woes flowing from this cause. When he grew tired of his lot as an agricultural laborer he had only to accept the adventures to which the ocean invited him; and perhaps nowhere, except on its north-west coast and among those not of the true Gallic race, does France find any of its sons with a natural liking for the sea. In turning sailor the peasant often

discovered that in changing his occupation he had not changed his master. He who had offended him by imperious airs in the assertion of seigniorial rights in the village, now perhaps won his affection and esteem by a far different demeanor as an officer in the vessel. Common dangers revealed to them more of their common nature: and both, if not on board a ship of war and panting for peril and for glory, could on board a merchant ship dream of that highest earthly paradise then known to mortals, a fortune in the Indies. The obstacles to the attainment of this, however, were almost insurmountable. A vessel and its cargo had numerous owners, while the real proprietor was the man from whom the owners had borrowed money at twenty-five or thirty per cent. The mariner, after saving a few gold pieces from many a weary voyage and risking them in a general venture, found that he must satisfy these greedy lenders before any profit came to him or his partners. But the strong faith and the sincere piety of the sailors and the fishermen armed them for the dreaddest contingencies, even though their lot might be as changing as the element to whose mercy they had to trust so much. When the fishermen went on a fresh expedition a priest heralded them in the foremost boat to bless the waters, and when they returned their wives and children rushed to meet them with an exuberance of emotion which reminded Saint Pierre of the idyllic pictures given by the poets of fabulous or primitive ages. With the exception of the development and prosperity which an extended commerce and great naval and warlike works and operations have brought to some of the towns on its coast, Brittany differs but little from what it was when Saint Pierre saw it. Rushing far into the Atlantic as if with a proud defiance, and as if it grudged the few miles further to the west and nearer to the western world with which nature has favored England, Brittany can rejoice that a granite people still claims the shelter of its granite walls. Not less a barrier of exclusiveness than the precipices, the rocks, and the ravines, is that antique obstinate tongue which yields as slowly to the encroachments of French as the Gaelic to those of English. A country is never conquered till its language dies: and as long as its dialect lingers Brittany will not be completely French. But revolutions follow each other so rapidly in

France, that the dialect of Brittany may be one among the last of the ancient things to vanish before French impatience and innovation.

A land and a people so well adapted for guerilla warfare were not slow in revealing themselves to the fertile genius and the indomitable valor of George Cadoudal. As soon as he became acquainted with the serious resistance that had been organized against the republic in Vendée, he crossed the Vilaine in June, 1793, with a handful of determined men, — peasants, sailors, smugglers, fugitives, outlaws, — finding in their individual wrongs and individual crimes food for a common hatred and a common loyalty. Cadoudal, with his band, joined the Vendean army, which was now chiefly occupied in harassing or seizing the large towns on the Lower Loire. Appointed captain of cavalry in the corps of Stofflet, he shared all the reverses and the successes of the Vendean battalions till these were defeated in December at Savenay. He then returned to his native village, not discouraged by recent disasters, but rather emboldened to devote as speedily as possible to the cause he had embraced the military experience he had just acquired. He was accompanied to his home by a soldier of the Vendean army called Mercier, the son of an innkeeper at Angers. The warmest friendship henceforth united them, and Cadoudal undertook no enterprise in which Mercier was not a counsellor and associate. With Mercier as faithful lieutenant, and with the abbé Philippe, rector of Locmariaker, alike as guide of his plans and inspirer of his enthusiasm, Cadoudal, making Kerléano the centre of operations, prepared a vast machinery of rebellion in the surrounding districts: but he had scarcely had time to communicate the first grand impulsion to that machinery when he was taken prisoner at his father's house along with his father and Mercier. They were conveyed to Brest to await a trial and the scaffold. George had there, as companion in captivity, a gentleman of Provence, called D'Allègre de Saint Tronc, who put to profit Cadoudal's involuntary leisure by giving him theoretical lessons in a science which he had as yet learned only on the bloody fields of La Vendée. Such lessons were of exceeding value to him at a time when war had been undergoing such marvellous transformations. After an imprisonment of a few

months Cadoudal, D'Allègre, and Mercier escaped. Disguised as sailors, they made their way through countless perils to George's native canton. During the time they had both been in prison Cadoudal's father had informed him of a secret place where he had hidden nine thousand francs — the savings of a lifetime. George devoted this sum in aid of the Chouan campaign about to open, and in which he acted as chief of division. It was unfortunate for the Chouans that he did not occupy a more influential office; for, lacking as they did so many things with which regular troops cannot so easily dispense, their principal lack was the lack of generalship. Royalist bigotries and incapacities prevented royalist interests from being effectually served. Therefore, though the Chouans might spread terror to the very gates of Paris, though they might scatter compact columns dreaming on in the confidence of security by their night attacks, though they might cut off convoys and drive in isolated posts, and though they might thus exhaust the enemy, they were thereby still more exhausting themselves. It is known how among the Vendeans the noble Bonchamp, who died so grandly demanding and obtaining mercy for the prisoners whom his soldiers were about to massacre, was obliged to yield to far inferior men. No better destiny had George Cadoudal; a destiny which, however ambitious, he must chiefly have lamented for the weakness and chaos which his subaltern situation brought into the Royalist camp. After Puisaye, who, by order of the Bourbon princes, was commander of the Chouans, had gone to England to stir up the ministry to more energetic efforts, Comatin, a bold adventurer, but an incapable captain, became leader. He had to fight against one who was as sagacious, moderate, and conciliating as he was heroic — the distinguished Hoche, who accomplished by his forbearance and clemency perhaps still more than by his skill and by the rapidity of his movements. The hopeless struggles and the repeated disasters of the Chouans led to the conferences of La Mabilais in April 1795, at which Cadoudal took part along with the other chiefs of the insurrection. He vigorously protested, however, against the pacification, which was signed by the influence of Comatin, though only by twenty-two officers; this led Hoche to declare that it was only



with some individuals, and not with the real commanders of the Chouans, that the agreement had been made. By the terms of the pacification the Chouans were to lay down their arms and to recognize the Republic. Even if the Chouans had considered themselves formally bound by those terms — and, from the manner in which they had been accepted, they were far from doing so — they were not yet sufficiently vanquished faithfully to keep them. Besides, many of them who had not hardened into bandits had degenerated into soldiers of fortune. To neither could peace be acceptable, bringing as it did those regular habits and those settled occupations for which they had lost both taste and fitness. Hostilities then could scarcely be said to have been intermitted, when the expedition of Quiberon afforded the Chouans a pretext and an opportunity for directer and deadlier conflict than any in which they had previously been engaged. George and his bravest followers were incorporated into a division of three thousand five hundred men under the command of Tinteniach, which attempted to effect a diversion in the interior. Timid and pedantic as ever, the emigrants thwarted the most skilful schemes and neutralized the most successful achievements of the Chouans and their generals. From this cause mainly was the expedition so signal a failure.

It seemed, however, as if only a disaster so immense was needed to call forth all the grandeur of Cadoudal's character, all the fertility of his mind. He could march the freer, he could strike the harder, when he had no longer emigrant mummies to hamper his career. He did in weeks what Puisaye, aided by English gold, countenanced by princes, counselled by spiritual, patrician, and military magnates, had attempted without result to accomplish for years. The dispersed and dispirited bands were built into an adamant unity, and dashed resistlessly on every assailable point. Whatever was lost in open engagements, from an inferiority of discipline, of arms, of numbers, or of supplies, was more than retrieved by the most terrible surprises. As the Napoleon of Chouannerie, Cadoudal had that power of multiplying himself which so eminently characterized the Emperor. The wider the circle to which he gave impulsion, the more concentrated and crushing did the action seem to be; but, surrounded on all sides by the

troops of Hoche, he was compelled to accept, in May, 1796, the pacification which that general offered him.

Watching with what patience he could the fate of the Republic, praying that catastrophes abroad or troubles and complications at home might overwhelm the odious offspring of the revolution, Cadoudal girt up his strength for a renewal of the contest. In 1799 those catastrophes, troubles, and complications so ardently supplicated crowded on France. At the first sound of an expected European conflagration the flame of Chouan insurrection burst forth responsive. It soon raged so fiercely as to march beyond the confines of the ancient Armorica, and to menace the capital itself. Cities were taken, battles were gained: for a complete triumph the Royalist enthusiasts demanded nothing more than the presence of a French prince on the Breton territory. A promise was made that a prince would speedily arrive. None had trusted more to this promise than Cadoudal: none had expected more from its fulfilment. Postponement, however, followed postponement, till at last, tired of the delay, Cadoudal sent his friend Mercier to the Count D'Artois, who replied in these words, "I have wished that the brave and loyal George should learn from no lips but my own that which will rejoice his soul as much as mine: — My dear George, adieu, till the hour which is so soon to bring us together."

Fighting for dethroned kings, Cadoudal could not doubt the word of a future king; and he seized the moment when the coalition was forming against the Directory to address an eloquent appeal to his compatriots. His aim was that the renewed struggle should have little of a guerilla character, and that the Chouan battalions, in one formidable mass, and with a prince at their head, should hurl themselves on Paris. Instead, however, of the prince, came a craven message from the prince, "that the life of his royal highness was too precious to be exposed." Strangling down his indignation and disgust into the silence of his soul, Cadoudal felt that his own path must thenceforth be the more heroic the less the Bourbons were inclined to imitate their great ancestor Henry IV. He attacked Vannes, and rapidly took various other places. But the 18th Brumaire cruelly mocked the exultation, and the hope, and the victory. Instead of a power effete

and despised to wrestle with, there was now a famous conqueror, a subtle politician. Bonaparte could not consider himself wholly master of France, till he had subdued the obstinate rebels of the West. Ere, however, punishing their audacity, he determined to enter into negotiations with them. Conferences were opened at Pouancé, in Upper Anjou, to treat of peace; but the influence of Cadoudal was successful in hindering the expected result. Bonaparte therefore ordered General Brune to march into the disturbed districts with an army of thirty thousand men. While Brune was hastening to annihilate the Royalist resistance, General Harty had already dealt to it the killing thrust. Leaving Vannes on the 25th January, 1800, at the head of ten thousand troops, Harty was met next day by George and his Chouans at Pont de Loch, between Locminé and Grand Champ. The battle was long and bloody: it lasted eight hours. A complete defeat convinced Cadoudal that by prolonging the unequal strife he might bring abundant woes to his country, but could win no triumph for his cause. On the 2nd February he had an interview with Brune, which ended by his signing a convention for the three departments of Morbihan, North Coast, and Finistère. Scarcely had he accepted this pacification, when he was informed that English vessels at anchor off Quiberon had brought him considerable sums. "Tell the Admiral," he nobly said, "that I have just concluded peace, and that I cannot receive money destined to continue war."

Brune was commanded to exact that George should repair to Paris, where it was pretended that his presence was necessary to the consolidation of peace. The First Consul, appreciating the splendid qualities of the Breton chief, wished to attach him to his fortunes. After frequent meetings with General Clarke, the Minister of War, George was introduced to Bonaparte. During a conversation of more than two hours, Napoleon exhausted his ingenuity and eloquence to overcome the obstinacy of the proud Chouan. He tried to dazzle his eyes with pictures of glory, to enchant his ears with sounding phrases, in which patriotism and military greatness were the most prominent. In the array of tempting offers he allowed him to choose between the rank of general of division in the army of Italy and a pension of a hundred thousand

frances: the only condition was that he should cease to mingle in political affairs. George remained unshaken all the more, perhaps, that he detected those histrionic tricks to which Bonaparte was so prone, and which defeated themselves from their excess of dexterity. The First Consul could not conceal his extreme exasperation at this defeat, accustomed as he was in similar cases to crush opposition, and to win men either by the most insinuating plausibilities, or by his indomitable will. A hint having been conveyed to Cadoudal that he was to be arrested, he set out secretly for England, in the company of M. Hyde de Neuville. He was welcomed by the English government with marked distinction; and, along with a letter of felicitation on his conduct, and the rank of lieutenant-general, other honors were heaped on him by the Bourbons.

He was soon busy with new plans of insurrection, in which one thing only was forgotten: — how much ten or twelve years of revolution had changed France. For though the old conservative idea, which is indestructible in the human heart, had revived in its full force, it sought no path, even a poetical path, leading to the sons of Saint Louis. Having resolved, after a few months of inaction, to re-pass into Brittany, he had scarcely raised there again the standard of revolt, when the thunder of Marengo scattered his projects to the winds. Brittany was exhausted: it was not in the mood, it had not the means, for its former enormous sacrifices. It was perhaps rather from despair than hope that Cadoudal decreed that what was plainly impossible on the ancient scenes of Chouannerie should be attempted at Paris. He therefore sent to that city some of the officers who were placed under his orders, giving them a commission to conspire and to organize, but not, if we are to believe his own statements, and the assertions of his defenders, encouraging them to plot assassination. When the explosion of the infernal machine, on the 24th December, 1800, in the street Saint Nicaise at Paris, alarmed and horrified all Europe, the whole infamy of the outrage fell to Cadoudal. But there is no proof that he was concerned in or in any way countenanced the odious deed of which Saint-Regent, who along with his accomplice Carbon was executed for it, must bear the chief guilt. In addition to his own emphatic denial, an extract from the Memoirs of Rohu

ought to exonerate Cadoual from a foul charge which the mass of writers have repeated, with little care to examine its truth. Rohu was one of the Chouan chiefs who acknowledged George as their leader. It is thus that he expresses himself in reference to the affair of the 3rd Nivose, as the French with their pedantic politeness call it:—"About the middle of the year 1800 our General Cadoual invited four of us to meet and consult with him, namely, Deloar, Robinot de Saint-Regent, the Chevalier de Trécesson, and me. He told us that he had need of some one to go on a mission to Paris. Saint-Regent, as the oldest of the officers present, pretended that he had a right to obtain the preference. The general, accepting the proposition, said to him, 'I shall furnish you with the means of arriving at Paris, and there you will put yourself in relation with the persons whom I shall indicate to you, and with whom you will make arrangements for the purchase of the number of horses, of clothes, and of arms which I shall state, and of which I shall go myself at a later period to make use.' When he heard that the tiles from the roofs had fallen on the coach of the First Consul when the infernal machine exploded, George burst into a violent fit of anger and said to us: 'I could wager that this is some hair-brained doing of that blockhead Saint-Regent. He, no doubt, wished to be able to come and boast to us that he, by his unaided hand, had rid us of Bonaparte. He has damaged all my plans. Besides, we are not yet in a condition to act.'" And in truth Cadoual's vindication is found in the single fact, that Saint-Regent's attempt, whether successful or not, could only have brought disgrace and calamity to the Royalists: and, hot partisan as George was, he was too sagacious not to see this.

In addition to all other calamities, more than fifty Royalist officers, including Julian Cadoual, a brother of George, had perished by a violent death in the valiant and pertinacious but unsuccessful insurrection from 1800 to 1802. The police everywhere dogged the steps of the Chouans. Three moveable columns directed by Bernadotte traversed the country in all directions. George, with those of his followers who were alike the most intrepid and the most compromised, once more embarked for England. Here he arranged with Pichegru and the Count d'Artois the plan of a conspiracy, of which, as he was the hope and the life, he was destined likewise to be the victim. The conspirators landed on the 21st of August, 1803, at Bézille on the coast of Normandy. Having disguised themselves, they went to Paris, which they had fixed on as the centre of operations. But Cadoual had not been there

long before he perceived that he had been greatly misled as to the true state of public opinion, and that the First Consul, so far from being universally unpopular, as credulous and mendacious correspondents had assured him, was about to assume the imperial crown not merely with the assent but with the applause of the nation. He was further discouraged by the conduct of Moreau. This general, whom he had expected to act promptly and decidedly for the Bourbons, he found full of irresolution, of feebleness, and of personal ambition. George had already been several months at Paris. He was about, seeing the turn that affairs were taking, to seek refuge again in England. When passing through a part of Paris in a cabriolet about seven o'clock in the evening of the 9th March, 1804, he was pursued by the agents of police. This was not many days after the apprehension of Pichegru and other conspirators. One of the agents of police, Buffet, rushed to the head of the horse; Cadoual killed him with a pistol-shot. He was, however, quickly surrounded, overpowered, and conducted bound to the prefecture of police. At his trial he displayed the utmost courage and dignity—declared proudly and without apology or reserve that he had come to change the government and to place Louis XVIII. on the throne of France—that a French prince was to have directed the attack—that he had no accomplices. All his allusions to Bonaparte were in a tone of moderation and in terms of respect. The First Consul communicated to him through Murat how much he had been touched thereby. Murat further stated his belief that Bonaparte was inspired with so much esteem toward him as gladly to accord him pardon if he solicited it—a pardon to which the imperial purple wherein Napoleon was now arraying himself would have lent importance, and lustre, and grace. Cadoual obstinately refused. On the 24th June, 1804, he died on the scaffold, the Abbé de Keravenant assisting as spiritual counsellor and consoler. Eleven other Chouans were executed at the same time. Many more had the capital sentence which had been pronounced on them commuted into some years of imprisonment.

In whatsoever of this article is disquisitional we have followed mainly the promptings of our own mind. In the narrative we have been much indebted to a recent sketch, written, we have reason to think, by one of the Cadoual family. We have as in former cases simply translated where there would have been a loss of color and fidelity by a pedantic attempt to transform. It was fitting that we should as much as possible allow a Breton pencil to paint a Breton hero.

FRANCIS HARWELL.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

### LOUIS DAVID, THE FRENCH PAINTER.\*

It cannot be matter of surprise if injustice has been done to the artists of troubled times. The temperament of the men, their kind of education, — the uncertainties of the public mind, the want of any fixed standard of taste, — their liability to be called off at any moment from the pursuit of some particular line of art; — all these things are against them, in so far as the production of a series of works presided over by one spirit is concerned. If, as in the case of the painter whose memorials have just been brought before the public in an affectionate but by no means prejudiced manner by an old pupil, such a man has caught, followed, ministered to popular madness, — has deserted his painting-room, and used his talents to inaugurate fetes and shows, and made deeds of violence the object of his admiration, we ought not to wonder that the strength of association has condemned him for a time, and that the world has done something less than justice to whatever he may have achieved towards the advancement of his art. But the world repents, — it is seldom that permanent unfairness is allowed; and by and by, when some thirty or forty years are gone by, an attached associate, who knew intimately the course of the painter's thoughts and deeds, dares to say what he conceives of the matter, and meets with no uncandid or unwilling audience.

M. Delécluze, who describes himself as having always "*demeuré artiste obscur*," is, however, not at all an "*obscur*" writer on art; moreover, he is an affectionate, simple-hearted old man of seventy-three. He became a pupil of Louis David in the time of the Directory — of course after the master's worst species of notoriety was over. He seems to have preserved throughout all his artist life, in prosperity and adversity, a devoted and filial attachment to David, and in no small degree the enthusiasm and tastes of younger years down to a green old age. He is, we are sure, a competent judge in matters of art; generally he is a little too lenient in matters of character; but everywhere he gives us the impression of sincerity and good faith.

We can imagine how long many of these memorials of the master, and the atelier, and the pupils, have been treasured up; how fondly the biographer would look upon them; how unwilling he would be to bring them out before the fitting hour. Having associated with one name little besides what was kindly, he would not rashly throw it before

a public which had once given to David the synonym of "*the Butcher*." He rightly judged that the fame of a painter, long overpraised and then traduced, ought to bide its time, and could not be fairly judged of, either as respects what he did or what he tried to make others do, till a certain number of calmer years were gone by. David died in 1825. Thirty years therefore have enabled the world to come to conclusions, and M. Delécluze believes they are on the whole favorable ones. Admitting David's defects, his desire is yet to show how much, in spite of drawbacks, he achieved for France, and for modern painting generally.

The volume is one of remarkable interest; it is in a considerable degree a memoir of the pupil as well as of the master, and, to any one curious about the formation of a character during the unfavorable period of the Revolution, the former is as much a study as the latter: the contrast, however, is great, and singularly interesting. M. Delécluze, the Stephen\* of the story, had been sheltered as far as it could be from the evils and horrors of his time; David had to breast them all. In connection with the period, other artists come under review, and the manner in which the unfixed theories of society acted on the arts, — the reaction also of the arts upon society, is portrayed in a spirited and suggestive manner. Perhaps, in a future number, we may be allowed to take brief notice of what has most struck us in the volume, apart from the immediate biography of Louis David, — at present we would wish to confine ourselves to the latter.

Louis David was born at Paris in the year 1748. From a very early period, a fatherless boy, he was sent by an uncle, who had him in charge, to the college "*des Quatre Nations*." He did very little there besides covering his school-books with sketches; and, as he obstinately declined to follow any vocation save that of a painter, his uncle reluctantly consented, and consigned him to the care of a family connection, one Boucher, an artist not without talent, but of an ill-regulated life, and corrupted in his taste by the works just then most approved of in France. He did better for David, however, than he would have done by teaching him himself. He transferred him to Vien, who had studied in Italy, had acquired some high and just ideas, and, being struck with David's earnestness and talent, conceived strong hopes of his future fame. As time went on the youth showed a large degree of ability and plenty of ambition.

We are not told by what neglect or accident it was that his efforts to gain the prin-

\* Louis David, son école, et son temps. Souvenirs, par M. M. E. J. Delécluze.

\* Etienne.



cipal prize from Rome were so long abortive : for, although on the second trial he was nearly successful, on the third and fourth he was more distant from the mark, and it was only on his fifth attempt that his difficulty was conquered.

It is certain that he considered himself as unjustly treated by his judges ; and so much was he aggrieved and so bitter were his feelings, that on the fourth unsuccessful essay he locked himself up in his atelier, resolved on starvation, a catastrophe only averted by the vigorous measures of his fellow-students, who, hearing his moans, burst into the atelier, and succeeded in persuading him to take food.

When the desired favorable verdict at length came, and David, then twenty-seven years of age, had gained the first prize from Rome, his master, Vien, persuaded him to be his companion on a journey he was about to make to Italy, rightly judging that nothing would be so good for his progress as to carry him out of France, where so much bad taste prevailed. Vien was the more willing and able to direct his pursuits, because he had just been himself appointed director of the French school in the Imperial city. Thither, then, David went, and there he studied for five years. Long afterwards he told his biographer that he did not for some time relish the works of Raphael, Titian, or Andrea del Sarto. Caravaggio, Ribera, and Valentin, were his favorite masters. He had then no great relish for the antique. Yet he obeyed his master, filling his portfolios with drawings from the ancient models. One cannot but allow him the praise of diligence, followed up by a considerable degree of success, when one considers the power manifested in his first original picture, that of the Plague of St. Roch, still in the lazaretto at Marseilles. The Virgin is represented as listening from the higher point of the picture to the intercession of Saint Roch, who is on his knees imploring relief for the plague-smitten. Groups of people are around, among whom one man dying of the malady is represented with terrible truth. His next piece was Belisarius, painted on his return to Paris in 1780 ; a small copy of this is in the Louvre. Three years afterwards came out his *Andromache weeping over the dead body of Hector*. Here the fruits of his studies in Grecian art became very apparent. He was evidently imbibing fast the principles of the severer school which was growing up, and Greece was rapidly gaining the mastery over him. Of course, in an article like this, we cannot catalogue the pictures of so industrious an artist. But that of the *Horatii* must be mentioned, as it remained to the end of his career one of his finest efforts, and roused the

Paris world to enthusiasm when he returned from Rome in 1785, bringing it with him for exhibition. Then came the "Death of Socrates;" then "Brutus returning to his hearth after condemning his sons to death."

This last was ordered by Louis XVI. In every part of the picture the most fastidious regard to costume was observed ; not only the draperies, but the interior decorations and furniture of the rooms were exactly modelled on the classical Roman models.

M. Etienne Delécluze takes occasion to observe upon this, how much the fame of David had to do with the marked changes which were then taking place in French costume. Hair began to be no longer loaded with powder, and flowing garments took place of the court style. Stays and high-heeled shoes began to disappear, and the signs of a revolution in ideas were marked in the fashions of furniture and architecture. The young painters were, to a man, inclined to abet these new ideas, and to revolt from academic restrictions. They were constantly dwelling on the glories of ancient republics, and directing the national taste that way.

It must be owned, too, that the patronage exercised by royal persons in France had long been of a sort to annoy aspirants, even when offered with the best intentions. It was customary to order so many pictures every year, just as they ordered in bears and paroquets for the Botanical garden. The size and the subjects of the pictures were prescribed, but the artists were not told what was to be their destination. They had not the pleasure of endeavoring to produce a harmonious result, or furnish out some fine well-adapted monument to their country's glory. They had but to exercise their powers of covering yards and acres of canvass, receive their money, and have done with it. David was of no temper to bear this sort of prescription.

We should have mentioned in its place that he was made a member of the Academy of Paris in 1783, and married, shortly afterwards, a wife who seems to have been more than worthy. Driven from his side for a short period while her abhorrence for the acts of violence of which he was a party was even stronger than her affection, she returned to him as soon as he became a mark for obloquy ; she went to prison with him, shared his dangers and escapes, and from that time they were never separated till the hour when, after a long assiduous nursing, she saw the companion of her exile die at Brussels.\*

\* They had four children, two sons and two daughters. The elder son, who died in 1854, was a consul in the time of the Empire ; he was addicted to the study of the Greek language, and left a dictionary of his own framing. The younger was in the army, and died in 1828. Of the

The painter's powers were now to be called out on revolutionary subjects. The National Assembly set him to design a picture representing the memorable scene which took place at the Jeu de Paume, Versailles, June 20th, 1789. He undertook it, having the church of the Feuillants assigned him for his atelier. It was an enormous affair; the first idea being to give a height of six feet and several inches to some of the principal figures, who are in the act of swearing. But the work never was completed, though engravings made from the first sketch are numerous. In fact, long before the months necessary for its accomplishment had passed by, some of those who had been heroes on the 20th of June were considered as at best but untrustworthy citizens, and the forgotten canvas remained at the convent of the Feuillants till Bonaparte found it necessary to pull down the building, in order to make way for the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix.

M. Delécluze is a little too eager to prove that David moved in general politics only at certain violent crises, and that he was rarely affected by what did not touch the interests of art. It is difficult to say into how much evil any man who was a friend and admirer of such a wretch as Marat might not be led; and David was remarkably infatuated on the score of personal likings; but we think it clear that for a considerable time he was worked upon very much through his artist feelings,—that his animosity to the old academies, old patrons, old schools of art in France, strengthened his vindictiveness against monarchy. Over and over again we find him denouncing the “academic Bastilles!” He had no mercy on them.

In the view of their delinquencies, he overlooked not only all considerations of gratitude and old attachment to those who had been his early benefactors, but all sympathy and care for human life. With regard to the school at Rome, we think his conduct particularly reprehensible. The young students there were divided in politics; some had drunk deep of the revolutionary spirit, and had executed works, which, being reported of, had awakened much indignation in Rome. There were groups of sculpture emblematic of France and Liberty; Jupiter was thundering from heaven on the aristocracy, &c. As might have been expected, the school was forcibly entered, the obnoxious statues removed, and two students imprisoned; but the Pope and authorities soon released them, and the disturbed spirits were become tranquil, when the National Convention, urged on by David, issued a decree for the removal from the Academy at Rome of the daughters (twins) both married generals, the one General Meunier, the other General Jannin.

royal busts and of every vestige of “feudality and idolatry.” The infuriated populace, as soon as the decree was made known in Rome, rose *en masse*, murdered the French ambassador and dispersed the students, who, in imminent peril of their lives, escaped and found their way, one by one, into other countries or back to France. A few days after this event the death of the hapless Louis XVI. was decreed, David voting with the majority.

Our readers would not thank us for a repetition of the old well-known tale of horrors that ensued. It must ever remain an impossible task for even French historians to deal justly with the leading criminals of those days. That they were men of whose presence the earth might well long to be rid, cannot, we think, be questioned: that by all law and justice it was right to cut off the cannibals who were drunk with human blood, will scarcely now be denied by men of any party: but it is quite another question how far any but an Omniscient eye is qualified to penetrate into the secret recesses of minds exposed to such a furnace of temptation, so beguiled by specious names,—so educated in evil, falsely called good, and thence so prone to imagine that the reverse of wrong was right. Time has done something towards affording us the means of at least suspending some of our hasty sentences. We have learned to set the wickedness of the Revolution, not against the amiable character of Louis XVI. and the fascinations of his queen, but rather as against a long series of oppressions and neglects, during which an ill-used people was allowed to grow up in barbarism, while a court and capital were revelling in exquisite refinements,—as against a government which had long cruelly persecuted and tortured the conscientious Protestant, while no crime was too hideous not to lurk under the priest's stole. On such a man as Louis David it was unavoidable that the five worst years of the Revolution should produce the worst possible effect. With many fine qualities, he had no fixed principles. Thrown into political antagonism early, partly in behalf of the interests of the art to which he was devoted, and partly on his own account, as one of Art's ministers; narrow; by no means well-read in history or politics; addicted to consider violence as something heroic; not personally brave, though rash enough,—such a man is made for bad work in evil times; and David did it. It is melancholy to see his powers utilized, as he thought them, by being dedicated to the arrangement of fêtes, and the substitution of heathen images for those emblematic of Christianity; and great is the relief when we have turned over this

awful page, and can consider the period as a five years' madness, to be followed by a course, on the whole, of rectitude and honorable cultivation of his own powers.

The years from 1795 to 1800 were prosperous ones to the painter. Escaped himself, almost by miracle, from the fate of Robespierre and his party, he had renounced political action, and all his energies were devoted to his art. In place of the destroyed academies, other institutions arose; the Polytechnic School may be dated from this period, and also the National Institute. Things at once more frivolous and more pedantic were the fruit also of those years. Seven national fêtes per annum were instituted; they showed deep traces of the theatrical tastes of the times, but they were, as compared with what had gone before, tolerably harmless. With the view probably of getting rid of the hideous national costume of the days of terror, the antique was made to prevail in all public offices; the five members of the Directory sat on Roman seats, environed by classical draperies; and in the fêtes we have alluded to "ça ira" gave place to the chorus in Iphigenia in Tauris. David's atelier meanwhile was full of students, somewhat unmanageable in character and tastes, but all doing honor to a master who never appears to have tyrannized over them, while he asserted frankly his opinions. His own perhaps favorite picture of the Sabines was finished in 1799. The subject is that of the Sabine women, become mothers, presenting their children to the soldiers of Romulus and Tatius, in order to stay the quarrel arising between the two chiefs and their followers. David, who had been gradually coming to the theory and practice of the primitive ancients, has in this and in one or two of his succeeding works deliberately adopted the representation of the nude in painting. It was new in France — of course it was liable to just criticism — but mingled with that criticism was also much that was unjust. It would be hard to say, of either a modern or ancient painter, that he was a pedantic parader of his science, or a man of gross immoral mind, because, smitten with the ideas of proportion and grace in the human form, he presented them undraped. In truth, David himself was, as an artist, always sounding his way, continually leaving behind him the traces of great power, but never feeling satisfied himself, excepting in so far as he believed he had opened the way for others, who would have less to unlearn, and would have time to follow up the ideas he had thrown out. One cannot but allow him the praise of candor and openness to conviction. He sought for information every where, in all schools, the pre-Raphaelites among the rest; Giotto, Fra

Angelico, above all Perugino, interested him deeply. His communications with his scholars were full of kindness and frankness. He pointed out his own errors as warnings to them; he spoke to them cheerily but with good sense of their habits, mental as well as artistic; he invited them to give him their ideas as to the right mode of treating the historical subjects he meditated; sometimes he adopted their sketches as the basis of his pictures. If the case was hopeless, he was honest with the pupil.

"What are you doing?" he exclaimed to a young man painting on like a fool, without being aware that the master was near. "Stop a moment! listen to me, N.; some of these are pupils whom I look upon as my children, and I do as I best can with them; but your parents pay me twelve francs a month for you. Now I do not wish to rob them of their money. Believe me, you have no turn for painting. You will make nothing of it — better leave it." After this, which was not the first piece of advice of a like kind given by David to this young man, the pupil paused for a few moments, but resumed his work soon after with great composure. "I cannot think," observed the master to the scholars in general, "why any one should be ashamed of being a shoe-maker or a mason, when such employment can be honestly and skilfully exercised; all the rather because *there* there is room for various degrees of skill; but to be a middling painter — O no, gentlemen! I like you too well to bear *that* for any of you." — p. 60.

In the autumn of 1797, Bonaparte returned from Italy laden with its spoils; the most important of which, however, did not accompany him, and did not indeed reach Paris till the Conqueror was at Cairo. They came, — those rich treasures of ancient art, won by a nation but recently considered as a set of miscreants, whose ill-organized forces and national poverty would make them an easy prey to civilized armies. What a terrible revenge it was upon Rome, which had so recently demolished the French school, and dispersed the students, to be obliged to give up the precious hoards of the Vatican and St. Peter's! — to see the Belvedere Apollo, the Laocoon, the Gladiator, the most precious MSS. and books of the Libraries transported in triumph to the Infidel City! The description of the enormous cortège of cars, from sixty to eighty in number, laden with these spoils, as it entered Paris, is given by Delécluze with great spirit. To his surprise and disappointment, David did not partake in his triumph and gladness. Privately he communicated his fears to his pupil:

"You know, my dear Stephen," said he, "that there is no natural love of the arts in France; it is altogether a factitious taste. Be sure, that, notwithstanding all the present

enthusiasm, we shall soon find these *chefs-d'œuvre* considered only as valuable wealth. Place and distance have a great deal to do in the appreciation of their merit; and the pictures especially, which were the ornaments of the churches, will lose much of their effect when they are not seen at the places for which they were designed. The sight of these *chefs-d'œuvre* will form perhaps some *savants*, some Wincelmanns, but not artists." — p. 209.

M. Delécluze remained unconvinced. But experience seems to have shown the truth of David's predictions. Not a single very remarkable artist was formed in France during the whole time from 1800 to 1818.\*

We must hasten on. — Bonaparte, first as Consul, then as Emperor, took David for his principal painter. His pictures of the Passage over the Alps, of the Coronation, and of the Distribution of the Eagles, followed, not without the interlude of several portraits. For some years the execution of these works stood in the way of his favorite studies of the primitive antique. He put aside the darling subject of his meditation — a picture of Leonidas and Thermopylæ; and gave himself to the Emperor, to the Pope, and to national subjects. That it was a great sacrifice is plain: and yet it will not do to say that he was a reluctant obeyer of orders — for through his affections he was always pliable, and Napoleon had subjugated him like many others.† It is true, however, that some of his pupils resisted the imperial spell, and remained more practically faithful to ancient art than their master. Among these were some noble youths, whom it is impossible not to honor for their consistency, while one condemns and pities their extravagance.

Leonidas was not however wholly laid aside. David, though submitting to the established order, needed the refreshment of recurrence to republican ideas, and he managed to complete his work in 1813. Though on the whole a fine and noble work, it bears traces of a difference in idea, and perhaps in execution, the result no doubt of the length of time which elapsed between its beginning and ending.

On the approach of the Allied Sovereigns to Paris, in 1814, it was natural that the regicides should dread recrimination. David prepared for flight, and transported some of

his best pictures to the coast, in order that they might be ready at hand for his disposal. However, these precautions proved wholly unnecessary, and the paintings were brought back and eagerly inspected by the numerous foreigners who were then rushing to Paris. Though by no means relishing the return of the Bourbons, he had no complaint to make. He lived retired, gave himself up to painting, and had every reason to think himself well off. Unhappily for him, as for many more, the restless Emperor returned from Elba. It was impossible for David to be neutral. He was sixty-seven years of age, was tired of revolutions, and would rather by far have finished his days in peace. Yet, tied by gratitude and by oaths, he could not stand aloof. His sons were in the army, his daughters the wives of generals. He visited the Emperor, and Napoleon came to his atelier. The usual intercourses were renewed: all this paved the way to his acceptance of those additional acts in which the oath of allegiance to the Empire was coupled with the abjuration of the sovereignty of the Bourbons. To all, the signing these acts was hazardous, but in the case of David, a regicide, it was a matter of life or death. He thought so, but he signed; and it seems to us, as we read, a proof of the mercy and mildness of these latter days, that the simple consequence was his banishment.

The exile went to Brussels; the sentence was not hastily enforced, and he had ample time to remove himself and such of his works as remained his own property. Honors awaited him. Several times the King of Prussia earnestly entreated him to settle in Berlin, promising him a pension fully equal, or surpassing, that which he had received from Napoleon, and adding to his own representations those of Baron Humboldt and the Count de Gortz. He would have had the direction of a school of painting, and been received with every token of respect. It is needless to say that these solicitations were flattering to his pride; but they were fruitless. His age, his wife's declining health, a love of independence, probably too the neighborhood of France and the kindness he was receiving at Brussels, decided him to reject them all.

Once again the propositions were repeated with added inducements, but he was firm. In France great efforts were made for his recall; and, had he lived to 1830, no doubt he would, as a matter of course, have returned; but the year 1825 was destined to be his last.

His passion for art remained unenfeebled by a severe illness. He hovered about his painting-room when he could work no longer. Sometimes he would seize the brush;

\* To the like effect are the admirable remarks of John Scott — Paris Revisited, p. 248. Mr. Scott was, no doubt, a severe judge, and he was, besides, unable from his point of view to estimate fairly what was going on among the artists of France; but he was quite right in his estimate of the ill effects of patronage, and the excessive facilities afforded to very mediocre men of pursuing it as a vocation.

† It is an extraordinary fact that David to the last believed Robespierre and Marat to be virtuous men, while he heartily despised many others among the Revolutionists; and also that he admired Napoleon and Pius VII. almost as much as the two former favorites!



but his hand had forgotten its cunning, and he threw the implement aside, bitterly exclaiming, "It refuses to work!"

His last commenced picture was "The Anger of Achilles." His Brussels pictures, chiefly classical subjects, showed marks of decline in execution, if not in design. In fact, such a man, living through such a period, must have almost worked out his powers at sixty-seven, — much more ten years later.

His death was unaccompanied with much suffering. It took place on the 29th of De-

cember, 1825, and he was interred at St. Gudule, Brussels, on the 7th of January, 1826.\*

\* As even now there is a confusion in the minds of some people between Louis David the painter and David the sculptor of the Pantheon, it may be well to recall to mind the principal works of the latter. His busts indeed are very numerous. Those of Chateaubriand and Jeremy Bentham are particularly well known; but it was in 1830, five years after the death of Louis David, that M. Guizot confided to the sculptor the decoration of the Pantheon. Next came the statue of the Philopæmon in the Tuileries, and a multitude of different works, generally of high merit. — See the memoir of Jean Pierre David (d'Angers) in the Obituary of our Magazine for February last, p. 206.

**TAILED MEN.** — The reappearance of exploded errors, both in natural and moral science, is one of the least satisfactory phenomena observable in the history of our race.

I extract the following from old Purchas, on a subject now again presented to the credulous public. I fear that we have not made so much progress in the intervening 250 years as we sometimes imagine. Writing of the Philippine Islands he says:

"Lambri, the next kingdom, hath in it some men with tayles, like dogges, a spanne long."

And of Sumatra:

"They say that there are certaine people there called Daraqui Dara, which haue tayls like to sheepe."

"As for those tailed people (a slander by Becket's legend, reported of some Kentish men, injurious to that angrie saint, and after applied to our whole nation; many, indeed, esteeming the English to be tailed), Galvano affirmeth, that the King of Tidore told him that in the islands of Battochina there were some which had tayles."

The monstrosities depicted by mediæval limners are abundantly justified by the descriptions of this worthy geographer. I cannot resist quoting a whole catalogue of wonders from the description of the Moluccas, in which the strange truth is outdone by the stranger fiction:

"In this iland are men hauing ankles, with spurres, like to cockes; here are hogges with hornes; a riuier stored with fish, and yet so hote, that it flaieth off the skinne of any creature which entreth it; there are oysters so large that they cristen in the shells; crabbes so strong that with the claws they will breake the yron of a pick-axe; stones which grow like fish, wheeocf they make lime." — *Purchas his Pilgrimage*, edit. 1613. — *Notes and Queries*.

**IRISH LAW IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.** — I send, for the information of the readers of "N. & Q.," the following extract from Reilly's *Dublin News Letter*, Aug. 9, 1740:

"Last week, at the assizes of Kilkenny, a fellow who was to be tried for robbery not pleading, a jury was appointed to try whether he was wilfully mute, or by the hands of God; and they giving a verdict that he was wilfully mute, he was condemned to be pressed to death. He accordingly suffered on Wednesday, pursuant to his sentence, which was as follows: that the criminal shall be confined in some low dark room, where he shall be laid on his back, with no covering except round his loins, and shall have as much weight laid upon him as he can bear, and more; that he shall have nothing to live upon but the worst bread and water; and the day that he eats, he shall not drink; and the day that he drinks, he shall not eat; and so shall continue till he dies."

Is it to be believed that, so late as the year 1740, such barbarity (to call it nothing worse) was practised according to law within the limits of Great Britain and Ireland? I would be glad to hear from some correspondent upon the subject. — *Notes and Queries*.

**SECRET OF SUCCESS AT THE BAR.** — I asked Sir James Scarlett what was the secret of his preëminent success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home the one principal point of the case, without paying much regard to the others. He also said that he knew the secret of being short. "I find," said he, "that when I exceed half an hour, I am always doing mischief to my client: if I drive into the heads of the jury important matter, I drive out matter more important that I had previously lodged there." — *Buxton*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE TREATMENT OF LOVE IN NOVELS.

WE believe it has never been satisfactorily ascertained how it happened that the goddess Minerva suffered herself to be persuaded, much to the damage of her reputation for good sense, to preside over the book manufactory kept in Leadenhall-street in the time of our forefathers by Mr. Newby—no, we beg pardon, Mr. Newman. We will not quote a Latin saying to indicate our sense of the inconsistency of invoking the goddess of wisdom to take such an establishment under her protection, because it is just as easy to express the same thing in English. Unless the character of Minerva has been much misrepresented in the mythology, she was clearly out of place when she was appointed a titular publisher of novels and romances.

Yet the inconsistency may not be quite so flagrant as it appears at first sight. There is some wisdom, and certainly a great deal of stratagem and cunning, in novels and romances. The works which appeared under the *imprimatur* of Minerva in Leadenhall-street were distinguished, no doubt, by an enormous preponderance of the latter qualities; but there is something to be learned even from the discourse of serpents; and until the great problem shall have been solved as to whether a knowledge of the follies, wickednesses, delusions, and wilful perversities of mankind is desirable for the rising generation, by way of buoys and beacons to guide them through the navigation of the shoals of life, we cannot be morally sure that the goddess, notwithstanding appearances, was not the right person in the right place, after all.

But did these novels and romances faithfully reflect the follies, wickednesses, and perversities of mankind? Were their pictures of the world true or false? Were their characters drawn from life, their incidents reconcilable with experience, their views of society capable of practical application? In short, were they real or imaginary; copied from nature, or mere fancy-pieces, having nothing more in common with the actual scenes passing around us than the incoherent medley of a dream? If we are compelled to answer this series of inquiries to the disadvantage of the majority of the books from which our grandmothers extracted so much pleasure and so little profit, we should not forget that the same books furnished at all events one source of speculation from which their readers, were they so disposed, might have derived a salutary moral. In proportion as the novel itself was unlike the humanity it professed to delineate, the more exceptional must have been the habit of mind and general notions

of the writer. Here, then, was a character not only more original, but infinitely more suggestive, than the characters we ordinarily meet with in works of fiction. The least thoughtful reader could scarcely avoid being carried away by a story made up of abstractions and nonentities, to the consideration of the manner of man by whom it was conceived. Where could he have lived? In what class or condition of society could he have acquired his singular ideas of men and women, and their modes and ways of conducting themselves towards each other? Or if the reader possessed a little critical discernment, he would perceive that the writer had not acquired his ideas from observation of men and women at all, but that his creations were entirely composed of shreds and patches and scraps, which he had gathered here and there and everywhere, and put together without giving even a passing consideration of probability; just as gardeners make hideous resemblances of men to frighten off the birds, by placing a cocked hat on the top of a pole or a pitchfork, with a cabbage leaf for a feather, a whip of straw to imitate the "human face divine," and a costume of miscellaneous rags and bits of tin. As in the one case none but birds could be deluded into a supposition that this horrible phantom was really a human being of flesh and blood standing stock-still in that spectral manner in the middle of the fields; so none but very shallow and frivolous people could be deceived by the novel. The train of reflections, therefore, to which it would actually lead could not fail to eliminate an excellent moral upon the vanities of authorship, and the folly of wasting time and some executive capability, which might be rendered useful in other directions, upon a pursuit for which neither nature nor study had provided the requisite qualifications.

A floating reminiscence of some of the items in the once famous Leadenhall-street Catalogue will convey a general notion sufficient for our present purpose, of the range and aims of the novels and romances of sixty or seventy years ago, or rather of that mixed form of fiction which included the special characteristics of both, and enjoyed at that time the widest popularity. Take the following as specimens: *The Tears of Sensibility*—*The Castle on the Cliff*, and *The Cottage in the Vale*; or, *Pride and Lowliness*—*The Midnight Assassination*; or, *The Spectre of the Cloisters*—*The Mysterious Visitor*; or, *One, Two, Three!*—*The Bloody Brothers*; or, *Love, Hate, and Revenge*—*The Bell of St. Anselm*; or, *The Priest and the Penitent*—*Fashion and Frailty*; or, *Motes in the Sun*—*Infatuation*; or, *a Bandit's Embrace on the Grave!* We

do not pretend that all these names are strictly accurate; but upon the whole they fairly represent the spirit of the class of fictions to which they refer—so far as their spirit was expressed in their titles.

There can be no difficulty, with the help of this skeleton key, in getting at the kind of material of which these works were composed. We have at once brought before us a few of the leading ingredients—dungeons and daggers; midnight adventures and delicate distresses; convent bells, ghosts and friars; impenetrable strangers, social feuds, and secret assassinations. We discern outlines of plots in which young ladies are depicted flying from their ancestral halls, and taking long journeys alone, without a change of wardrobe or a penny in their pockets to pay their expenses; an unknown crime, supposed to be a murder, pervading the whole story; and a tall, dark cloak, surmounted by a stiletto hat, seen occasionally vanishing in the moonlight, and supposed to be the ghost of the murdered man, or the murdered man himself, or the murderer, as it may happen to turn out. In another we see plainly that there is a lovely girl, of ancient family, shut up in a castle by a mercenary guardian who has designs on her property, and who pays her a solemn visit, generally about twelve o'clock at night, at regular intervals, for the express purpose of informing her that if she does not consent to marry a certain Baron, who bears a close resemblance to Blue Beard, she shall be consigned for the rest of her days to bread and water in an *oubliette*, where no human aid can reach her. The heroism of Adelgitha under these circumstances furnishes a powerful example of the firmness and *clairvoyance* of her sex; she is ready to go down into the *oubliette* at once, rather than marry the Baron, whom she never saw, and, probably for that very reason, abhors with a depth of aversion not very easy for common minds to comprehend; she is triple-armed in the righteousness of this virtuous resolution, for she has an innate conviction that there is another person in the world, who is also unknown to her, whom she has never seen, and of whose name and quality she is totally ignorant, who will certainly come to the rescue at the last moment, and, baffling the guardian and the Baron, or, perhaps, vanquishing them by a more open and summary process, carry her off to that distant elysium described in the Christmas play-bills as the "regions of bliss." And in due time accordingly, under her barred window she hears a horn or a serenade, which she recognizes at once, although she never heard it before; and a handsome but ambiguous stranger appears, from whose avatar the discerning reader, familiar with the shoals

and quicksands of tender woe, sees land afar off; but his intense interest in the navigation of the vessel suffers no diminution on that account.

It is evident that narratives constructed on these principles proceeded upon the assumption that the reader was prepared to grant certain indispensable conditions to the author in the first instance; such, for example, as that the functions of the Courts of Chancery and Common law, and the surveillance of the police, should be understood to be suspended during the course of the action; that the feudal system should be supposed to be still in full force; and that the common impediments which the existing arrangements of society throw in the way of intercourse between persons who have no legitimate or apparent opportunities of meeting each other and falling in love, should be wholly removed, for the artistical purpose of advancing the final objects of the story. Granting these trifling concessions to the author, it will be admitted that all the rest follows naturally enough. There is nothing in these romances that might not have obviously happened under such a constitution of things; and as it was not a very practical age of the world when these books were in vogue, we can readily understand that easiness of faith which enabled their public to relish them so highly—much more highly, we suspect, than any of the present race of readers relish the novels of our day.

Love was, of course, in these, as in most works of fiction, the staple article of consumption. And if we admit the premises, we must also admit that the passion was dealt with in an ingenious and consistent manner. It was generally treated as a sort of inspiration, which it clearly must have been under that peculiar state of circumstances which absolutely precluded the possibility of generating it in the ordinary way. It is unquestionably a fine stroke of art, and of nature too, to describe a young lady who has no means of holding commerce with persons of her own age of the other sex, as becoming conscious of an affection for somebody whose existence at the time is a matter of pure speculation to her, and to represent her as feeling a strong presentiment that he will come at the right moment to claim her. An incident of this kind must be regarded as the vehicle of a much-neglected philosophical truth—that love is a necessity of the human heart; and that, even before the object has been, so to speak, identified, the want has, as it were, set up its own ideal. The young lady, without being aware of it, was thus fulfilling the theory attributed to Plato,—that every human being is at first only a moiety of the perfect creature, wan-

dering over the earth in search of its other half. The lives of the majority of these heroines are passed in that occupation.

Apart from such profound psychological considerations, there were specialities connected with this branch of literature worthy of being remembered. Mr. Newman, according to the tradition which has come down to us, is said to have purchased his MSS. by weight; which may help to account for the fact that many of his novels ran into four, five, and six volumes. In such transactions, quantity was the visible and paramount element. But there were writers, nevertheless, who achieved a current reputation in the circulating libraries which rendered them independent of the specific gravity of their books. They are now all forgotten, and a glance at two or three of the most distinguished may help us towards an estimate of the peculiar attractions by which the largest amount of success was obtained.

Perhaps the most popular novelist, *par excellence*, of her day, was Maria Regina Roche. Her great work — she wrote others, but they were of minor celebrity — was *The Children of the Abbey*. There was no fiction of its class so much read. The test of its circulation was simple enough. When you wanted to get it at the circulating library, it was always "out"; and when at last you did get it, it was the most dog-eared and thumb-smirched book that ever was seen. You could not probably find one person in a thousand of the miscellaneous reading population who had not read *The Children of the Abbey*; and it was only reasonable to infer that that person was inexcusably ignorant of contemporary literature. The Waverley novels have had a sale exceeding that of *The Children of the Abbey* by tens of thousands; but, while it was in vogue, it was read by a greater number of people than any one of the Waverley novels for a like term. The book was perpetually referred to in conversation; its heroine was the model of grace, refinement, and romantic enthusiasm, subdued by feminine delicacy; its hero was a pattern for all lovers and noble-hearted gentlemen; and the soliloquy of Amanda, on her return to the honored roof of her ancestors, was as frequently quoted as Burke's apostrophe to the Dauphiness at Versailles, or the eloquent tribute of Junius to the virtues of Chatham.

That there was an express merit of some kind in a work so extensively applauded, may be taken for granted; that it was admirably adapted to the age in which it appeared, is attested by its popularity; and that it did not possess sufficient vitality to survive its own day, is shown by the oblivion into which it has since fallen. What were

the elements to which it was indebted for its great temporary success? A soft and flowery style, poetical idealization of passion and character, and a story turning on the distresses and difficulties of two ardent lovers, dexterously sustained throughout at the height of suspense by a variety of incidents. It is nothing to the purpose that the characters had no prototypes in real life, or that the occurrences were extremely improbable in themselves, and all but impossible in their relation to each other. It was not by the truthfulness of the portraiture, or the likelihood of the plot, that this novel drew tears from myriads of bright eyes; but by the art with which it intensified a class of emotions which, however exaggerated in their development, touched a corresponding chord in the hearts of most readers. That art harmonized with the taste of the day, and thus, seizing upon a theme of universal interest, secured a fleeting triumph. There is a fashion in novels as in dress. The fashion regulates the cut, the tone of color, the embroidery, the ornaments; and, when fashion works with favorite materials, it is sure of a rapid sale, although the next season may pronounce its productions obsolete. All writers who have delineated the vicissitudes of love in the style and spirit of their own time, have succeeded in their generation, more or less; they alone who have depicted the passion in its depths as it affects mankind in common, without reference to extrinsic or accidental circumstances, survive to all time. And this is one of the reasons why the love that is described in novels so rarely maintains a lasting influence over the sympathies of readers. It is love draped and attitudinized in the tastes of the day, and it perishes with them.

Mrs. Roche, who wrote these fascinating stories, appears to have been distinguished by good sense and simplicity in private life. We were told by a lady who knew her towards the close of her career, that there was not the least air of authorship in her manners or conversation, and that she was the last person who would have been suspected of having produced such sentimental narratives. At that time she was past the "grand climacteric," used to dress with remarkable neatness and plainness, and seems to have borne some sort of resemblance to Mrs. Opie.

The name of Charlotte Smith is familiar to our public; but she is remembered for her sonnets, and not for her novels. If her sonnets, as a whole, are not likely to be preserved in our standard collections of English poetry, some of them will always be admired for their delicate sweetness and tender refinement. Her novels are no longer extant,



except in remote nooks and country-houses, where *Ethelinda*; or, *the Recluse of the Lake*, is still taken up in the intervals of harsher and more practical reading, just as an Æolian harp is sometimes placed in the window of a summer's evening, as a relief from the eternal piano. The comparison is tolerably accurate. Charlotte Smith's novels bear about the same relation to novels of the Burney and Austen schools, as the low wailing strains of the Æolian harp bear to the firm notes of the violin, or any other scientific instrument. They are essentially melancholy, dreamy, vague, and suggestive. They seem to come from the spheres, and to have nothing in common with surrounding life. In this peculiarity lay the secret charm of Charlotte Smith's fictions. The figures that moved in them belonged to a world of her own creation. With the forms of men and women, and subject to most of the ordinary conditions of sublunary existence, they talked, acted, and looked like inhabitants of the moon. The social atmosphere in which they moved was different from our own; it was more aerial, more brilliant, more buoyant. There seemed to be no necessity for doing things in this planet of Charlotte Smith's as they are done on earth. The same causes did not produce the same effects. The laws of nature were occasionally abrogated for the purpose of carrying on divers eccentric operations which could not otherwise be satisfactorily accomplished; and those traits of character and conduct which, in our mundane life, would be considered decidedly exceptional, were here common to the whole population. There were hardly any individual distinctions, except such as were produced by broad contrasts between vice and virtue, the villain and the protector of innocence, worked out after the allegorical manner of the malignant and good genii in the fairy tales. The good were all good; the bad all bad. There was no possibility of mistaking their attributes, or feeling any doubt whatever as to what they would do in any perplexity in which they might be placed. The cause of innocence was always vindicated in the end, and the machinations of wickedness defeated. Virtue and innocence were convertible terms. The oppressed were always virtuous, and the virtuous always oppressed. There were no shades of character or mixture of qualities, such as we see in our daily experiences, upon which a question could arise as to which category, the vicious or the virtuous, this or that individual belonged. Everybody spoke the same ornate language; and everybody exhibited a genius for polemics, in a style suitable to the ethereal region in which the action took place. The conversations were frequently prolonged

into disquisitions full of descriptive sentiment or moral reasoning. The grand topics were love, friendship, and duty, discussed through a tinted medium, like light shedding its rays from a colored lantern. An ineffable spirit of politeness pervaded these conversations. It was not possible for one speaker to tax too heavily the endurance of another. An observation, slight enough in substance to be despatched in a couple of lines, might be expanded into a couple of pages; but you found the interlocutor waiting patiently to the end, and replying in the same manner with the utmost urbanity, ultimately extending the dialogue over an indefinite surface by the exercise of a kind of angelic courtesy. Never were there such gentle, generous, trusting, and refined beings. The contemplation of their mode of existence lulls the understanding, and opens a perfect paradise of repose to the imagination. The events of one of these novels pass before us like changes and transformations in a vision, and every person concerned in them impresses you with a notion that he is in a state of beatitude. It is needless to say how exquisitely the most trivial and familiar circumstances are evolved under these skyey influences. The ladies swoon with a spirituality we look for in vain amongst our acquaintances; their sensibility belongs to an organization adapted only to the empyrean; and their capacity of love—the only human weakness which detains them in the lower world—is an absorbent of incredible nervous energy.

Totally unlike either of these classes, and inferior in literary skill and homogeneity of design to both, are the novels by the lady who wrote under the fantastical *nom de plume* of Ann of Swansea. Her works deserve a word of recognition as the types of an order which may be presumed to have circulated largely, and chiefly amongst the least educated, but, perhaps, the most constant supporters of the circulating libraries. They resembled a masquerade, in which a variety of different costumes are collected promiscuously to furnish an entertainment without combination, progress, or result. Attention was diverted from the want of unity of plan in these narratives by unexpected adventures behind the scenes of the story, and a constant succession of interlopers on the stage. This diversity of movement looked like fertility of invention, although it proceeded in reality from the lack of that quality. It was the most hackneyed of all expedients in those days (an expedient rarely resorted to by the present race of novelists), when a story was growing dull, to start off into an episode, for the purpose of escaping the impending dreariness; as voyagers on a

sluggish river sometimes run their boat ashore to vary the monotony by an excursion on land. There are no such novels now as those which were produced by Ann of Swansea, but in her time they were legion; all containing similar trains of incidents, altered, transposed, re-set, and new-labelled; and the more they resembled each other, and the more faithfully they followed the beaten track, the better chance they had of being called for at the libraries. The ascendancy she acquired over her contemporaries in this well-worked line of fiction, may be attributed to the facility and adroitness with which she re-cast, over and over again, the stock materials, contriving always to give them something like an aspect of novelty.

Ann of Swansea really lived in the sulphureous town from which she derived her fantastical appellation. She was a literary lion in a small way in that unpoetical neighborhood; and her industry and personal respectability, in a comparatively humble sphere, secured her many friends amongst surrounding gentry. It is not generally the known that she was as distinguished by her birth as she was famous amongst the disciples of Minerva for her writings. Ann of Swansea was a Kemble, a sister of the Siddons; and was prouder of that distinction than of the reputation she enjoyed as an author—a reputation bounded by her own circle, for the public at large were ignorant of her real name, a mystery which helped to heighten the interest attached to her works.

The difference between the novels of the last twenty years and those which we have thus hastily indicated, is wide and striking. The romantic element has nearly disappeared altogether. Pure romance is extinct. The last specimen of that form of composition appeared upwards of a quarter of a century ago. It was written by Mr. Mudford, who had been for a considerable period editor of the *Courier*, and who threw off in *The Five Nights of St. Albans*, some of that superabundant imagination for which there was no vent in the columns of the newspaper. The story was constructed with remarkable skill, and displayed vigor and ability of a more masculine order than was probably ever before employed upon a work of that nature. But the day was gone by for such productions; and a narrative which would have thrilled tens of thousands of readers in the speculative age of the Radcliffes and Reeves, went down into oblivion at once in the practical age of Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation.

Whether the novel of to-day is an improvement upon the novel of the Minerva dynasty, is not so much a question of positive as of relative merit. They both reflect the spirit

of their own times; and it is extremely likely that half a century hence Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Trollope will be considered as antiquated, and, in some points of view, as unreal, as we now consider Mrs. Roche and Charlotte Smith. But our business does not lie with the general structure and *vraisemblance* of these works, but with their mode of treating a single passion. And here we shall find a common agreement. They all treat of love as the mainspring of human interest in fiction; and they all exhibit the same peculiarities of method, modified by circumstances, not only in the aspects which they select for illustration, but in the conditions and states of the passion which they ignore.

A writer who always contrives to charm and instruct his readers at the same time, has recently said this true and fine thing about the universality of the interest awakened by all narratives, however feeble, or trivial, or otherwise, in which love forms an ingredient:

"The imperishable, inexhaustible, unapproachable nature of love is shown in this—that all the millions of stupid love stories that have been written, have not one whit abated the immortal interest that there is in the rudest and stupidest love story. All the rest of the wretched thing may be the most dismal twaddle, but you can't help feeling a little interest, when you have once taken up the book, as to whether Arabella will ultimately relent in favor of Augustus; and whether that wicked creature, man or woman, who is keeping them apart, will not soon be disposed of, somehow."\*

This is the whole case. Every story with love in it is popular. The popularity might be put in another form—there is no story without love in it. It is the only ingredient that enters into every dish. In the composition of the novel it answers to the garlic of the Spanish *cuisine*—whatever else may vary the flavor, love is indispensable.

It is proper to interpolate, however, that in our English literature we have one illustrious exception. There is no love in *Robinson Crusoe*. De Foe does not appear to have laid much stress upon love in any of his histories; but it should be remembered that he did not begin to write them until he had passed the period when men are usually moved by tender emotions. In his advanced years he could not exclaim with Dryden:

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet,  
Which once inflamed my blood, and now inspires my wit."

Even in his *Roxana*, or *the Fortunate Mis-*

\* Friends in Council Abroad. *Fraser* for February, 1856.

*tress*, where he dwells in ample detail upon the coarsest indulgences of passion, there is not a solitary hint of a purer feeling. But he has shown, nevertheless, a noble capacity for portraying it, had it come naturally within the design of any of the subjects he adopted. Robinson Crusoe was not in love, but he had a wife; and when she dies, the expression of his grief, simple, earnest, and profound, has more true pathos in it than we shall find in scores of volumes of modern sentiment. After describing her as having been the stay of his affairs, the centre of his enterprises, whose prudence restrained his erratic tendencies, and adding that she "did more to guide his rambling genius than a mother's tears and a father's instructions, a friend's counsel, or all his own reasoning powers could do," he concludes his affecting apostrophe to her memory by saying, "I was happy in being moved by her tears, and in listening to her entreaties, and to the last degree desolate and disconsolate in the world by the loss of her. *When she was gone, the world looked awkwardly round me.*" It is needless to observe how this matter would have been treated by most modern writers, and what efforts would be made to "pile up the agony," which is here dismissed in a few words heavily laden with a sorrow that goes straight to the heart.

Fielding entered fully into the passion, and is the only writer who has undertaken to trace it through the double action of the heart and the senses, the whole theory of which he lays down with his customary mixture of philosophy and wit, in the introduction to the sixth book of *Tom Jones*. Undoubtedly the humanity of love was never so wonderfully anatomized as in that most wonderful of all stories. But Fielding's mode of treatment was better suited to his time than to our own; and although the essential truthfulness of the delineation is independent of all social mutations, the broad utterance of it is distasteful to the decorum and reserve of the present age. That Fielding was master of all the springs of the passion—notwithstanding that he fails conspicuously wherever he attempts to move them in his farces—cannot be doubted by any reader of *Tom Jones*, or of another novel less widely known, but not less remarkable for its power and completeness, in which he has portrayed it with consummate success in its highest and purest form, relieved of all sensual accessories, and existing only in the sweetness of its trust, its fortitude, and patience.

It may be here remarked that all novels, with such rare exceptions as that just alluded to, represent only one section, so to speak, of love, stopping short at marriage, as if the whole business ended there. Now

the supposition of the novelist must be, either that there is no love after marriage; or that its subsequent existence is like a retirement into private life, where the public have no right to follow it; or that it becomes so flat and uneventful, and so much a mere emotion of routine, as to possess no interest whatever outside the family circle. It would be a bold thing to affirm that the novelists are not right, although the reasonableness of this practice is by no means apparent. But as the instincts of a whole class are generally accurate, we must conclude that the external or popular interest in the fortunes of the heart becomes seriously diminished, if it do not cease altogether, the moment all obstructions are overcome, and Arabella and Augustus have entered upon their honeymoon. And it must be confessed that most people care very little about Fielding's Amelia. All well-disposed minds cannot help admitting that she is a pattern of domestic virtue and conjugal endurance; but for all that they have a secret misgiving that she is dull and insipid, and that her patience is rather wearisome and provoking.

If the usage of novelists, established by common assent from the earliest times, be founded on a just principle of art—and we apprehend it would be difficult to prove that it is not—the theory lately advanced by a thoughtful critic, that the true test of a novel is its approximation to the singleness and unity of a biography,\* must be rejected. There are more arguments than one against that theory, in relation to this special element of the subject. In the first place, love is not only indispensable in a novel, but generally supplies the principal and almost exclusive source of interest. No biography was ever constructed upon this plan, nor could it be so constructed without an entire abnegation of the graver affairs which constitute the true value and importance of all biographies. Indeed, the space assigned to love in the memoirs of a man's life—unless the hero be such a man as De Grammont or Rousseau—bears about the same proportion to the rest of the narrative, as the grain of bread to the ocean of sack; and we seldom even hear of the wooing, until it is all over. In the second place, the interest of the novel terminates with marriage, where the real interest of the biography usually begins. It is from this point that the grand struggle of life opens in a vast majority of instances; that the tracks of experience become deeper and more clearly defined; and that the individual qualities which have rendered the life worth recording, are called into activity, and developed for good or evil.

\* Cambridge Essays.

It is true that in giving so overwhelming a predominance to love, novelists are amenable to the charge of misrepresenting the world as it is, although, even as it is, it would be difficult to fix a limit to the actual influence of love over human affairs. But novelists treat it as if it were the sole business on earth. This is, no doubt, a manifest error. Even people in love, much as they are absorbed by it, have something else to do, and are obliged to do it; and this the novelists do not show; therefore they exhibit not only an imperfect picture, but a picture that by this very imperfection falsifies its original. The only excuse to be made for the novel is, that it does not profess to be a microcosm of human life, and that it must be accepted for what it is worth as far as it goes.

A weightier indictment lies against novelists for the uniformity with which they present this half or imperfect truth. Love is generally treated in novels as if it were a mechanical force, which always acts in the same manner, and produces the same results. Once it is set in motion, you can anticipate pretty accurately how it will operate, and where it will stop. But this is certainly not supported by the experience of real life. Love affects different people as differently as heat or cold. You never can predicate from any ascertained particulars, how it will eventuate in any given instance. It does not influence all constitutions in the same way; and, while it acts as a stimulant on one, it operates as a sedative upon another. There are unquestionably certain universal signs by which we suppose its presence can be detected. But we may be very much at fault in our scientific deductions. The moral world in this respect has a close affinity to the physical, and the same reasoning applies to both. As there are some symptoms common to many diseases, so no one symptom, singly considered, is a proof of any disease; therefore a man may exhibit certain signs, such as abstraction, melancholy, disrelish for things from which he formerly derived pleasure—which belong to many morbid conditions of the mind; but it is necessary that we should have other evidences of a more special kind to satisfy us that he is in love. Novelists do not trouble themselves about these considerations. They think it sufficient to plunge the lover into fits of eccentricity which might just as probably be produced by any other cause, confident that they have thus fully complied with all the requisitions of his case. It seldom occurs to them to show how the passion develops itself in men of different capacities, different pursuits, characters, and temperaments; how it makes some gay and others morose; how it is a triumph of ecstasy in one, and a

depression of the animal spirits in another; how variously it discloses its power in the man of business and the man of pleasure, in the ascetic and the voluptuary, the weak and the strong, the frigid and the sensitive, the sedate and the frivolous. It is properly the function of the novel to exhaust the philosophy of love under all these varieties; but it is a function which few novelists seems to be aware of, and still fewer have been able to execute.

Another no less obvious and important aspect of the subject is equally neglected—the influence of love in awakening dormant elements of character, and producing changes in the individual nature. Sufficient for the novel is the story thereof; and the immediate course of that stream, which we are told never did run smooth, is all that the novelist considers himself called upon to follow. But there is a great deal going forward on the banks which he should closely observe and note. The passing impressions that are taken in, and the new thoughts and feelings produced by surrounding objects, belong as much to the history of the voyage as the incidents of the bark itself. No man ever fell in love, and continued to be the same man to the rest of the world. Love, like the electric spark, runs along the whole train of his associations; it modifies his views of life, corrects his prejudices, softens his asperities, deepens his sympathies, it may even generate strong antipathies; and it creates fresh links and ties, aspirations and desires, which effectually alter all the circumstances around him, or rather, by altering him, effect a total revolution in his relations to them. This is never shown in novels, or shown only dimly and by remote implication.

These are some of the omissions of novelists in the discharge of their comprehensive mission. In other directions they commit palpable errors of judgment. It is a great mistake, for example, to make lovers always very interesting people, or what the writer intends for very interesting people, although the reader, who has gone the round of the gallery of portraits, seeking in vain for a new face, may entertain a different opinion of them. It is not an absolute law of nature that a lover should have chiselled features and an intellectual brow, or that the lady should be singularly beautiful; nor is it a positive condition of the affections that they should grow only in hearts of transcendent goodness and innocence. Very ugly people are just as susceptible of tender emotions as the handsomest fellows in Christendom; and, whatever other prerogatives and enjoyments you may consider yourself justified in denying to the social delinquent of your story, you would commit a monstrous violation of



natural equity if you excluded him from the privileges of love. The question does not admit of argument. The selection of picked specimens of humanity for the monopoly of all the *Violantes* is indefensible on mere artistic grounds; for if we are to have representations of love, we have a right to exact that they should be faithful to life.

It may be objected also to English novelists that they run into the opposite extreme to the French, and, in avoiding the demoralizing excesses which enable our "lively neighbors" to produce such intensely interesting stories, they portray love so drearily as to render it insupportable to the reader, and, one would suppose, to the lovers themselves. The wide region of excitement which affords free pasturage to continental writers, is closed upon the English, and a reasonable allowance must therefore be made in the comparison between them for the limitations imposed upon us by a different state of society and morals. But we have examples enough to establish the fact that there is sufficient interest in the vicissitudes and disturbing influences of the passion itself to fascinate attention, without being obliged to resort to depravities of the imagination and violations of the Decalogue. We need not turn to *St. Pierre* for evidence of the attraction of a simple love story unstained by impurities of thought or plot; nor is it necessary to insist upon the lasting ascendancy such narratives maintain over those in which love is depraved into naked sensuousness. The inter-relations of the various classes of society, and the changes that are being continually wrought in the aspects of domestic life by the action of opinion, the diffusion of education, and the gradual removal of the old barriers of prejudice and habit, yield ample opportunities for depicting the passions of mankind in new lights and phases, even if human nature, apart from conventions of all sorts, were not in itself inexhaustible. "The turtle," says Fielding, "as the alderman of Bristol, well learned in eating, knows by much experience, besides the delicious calipash and calipee, contains many different kinds of food; nor can the learned reader be ignorant that in human nature, though here collected under one general name, is such prodigious variety, that a cook will have sooner gone through all the several species of animal and vegetable food in the world, than an author will be able to exhaust so extensive a subject." Yet, notwithstanding that he has these vast materials at his disposal, the English novelist generally manages to render that passion which is the most animated of all, and which more or less touches and concerns all human beings, however exceptional their sympathies may be in other respects, as dull

and commonplace as any ordinary transaction in the daily routine of life. But love is not an ordinary transaction to those who are engaged in it; and the business of the novelist should be to seize its emotions with a corresponding freshness of spirit, and to make his narrative throb with the expectations and fears, the misgivings and hopes, and the multitudinous throng of sensations which are incidental to the reality. How seldom this is actually accomplished, any novel reader who has observed the remarkable similarity of treatment which pervades the bulk of our novels, is competent to determine. In most cases, there is no more originality than is to be found in the familiar old pattern for plates, in which the eternal blue willow, blurred occasionally in the impression, drooped over the streaky brook. Thus love is minted off from one novel to another; frequently a copy of a copy, and becoming fainter and fainter, and less and less like nature, as it descends to the hands of meaner artists. If it be true of novels, in a large and comprehensive sense, that none are really good except such as are founded upon observation and experience of life, it is especially true with reference to the delineation of love, of the secret fidelity of which every person, in every grade of life, is qualified to judge. Hence it is that women portray with such minute and even trivial accuracy the motives and feelings of their own sex, and usually fail when they attempt to dissect the characters of men; and hence it is, also, that men generally commit egregious blunders when they venture to take to pieces the mechanism of the female heart. No writer can depict the passion so as to touch others, who has not experienced its influence or closely observed its operation, and who does not draw upon the sources of actual knowledge, instead of taking the inspiration at second-hand from books. Everything else is a sham; and however brilliantly executed, set off with all the established embellishments of artificial troubles, and placed in an ambrosial atmosphere of sentiment, can be detected for an imitation by the merest tyro.

This kind of portraiture is insufferably tedious. It degenerates into monotony, and impresses us with as little notion of substance or vitality as the reflected pictures of a magic lantern. A novel recently published may be selected as an illustration of the leaden dullness which it is possible to spread over a love story. The entire action consists of the formation of an attachment, its interruption by a misunderstanding, and the ultimate reconciliation, which of course conducts us to the orthodox finale. This motionless narrative occupies two mortal volumes. We

see from the beginning how it is to end—which would be by no means a conclusive objection if the power of the writer were commensurate to the demands of the subject; but there is no development of the inner life to compensate for the meagreness and transparency of the external incidents. The whole is trite, flat, and wearisome. The lovers are merely playing at cross-purposes like children, and apparently with as much premeditation, and as conscious a relish of their own absurdity. A word of explanation at any time would have solved the difficulty; and the reader, impatient of the senseless prolongation of a state of suspense, where there ought to be no suspense at all, consigns the book at last to that limbo in which so many novels have been buried alive, after they have flirited their leaves through the first few weeks of a season.

In no class of works is there so little art displayed as in the novel. The ordinary process is to construct the story first, and then to fit the characters into it, just as the man and woman used to be put into the weather-house, to indicate by their mechanical motions the fluctuations of the barometer. The action and reaction of characters and circumstances—the operation of circumstances in modifying character or of character in controlling or shaping circumstances—seldom enters into the philosophy of the novel. The plot is generally paramount to the persons who are involved in it, so that the human interest becomes subservient to the contrivances by which it is coerced. The motive-power throughout is in the events, and not in the causes of the events. The mill turns of itself, perfectly independent of wind and water. The figures are propelled by wires held by the author, who disposes of them as it best suits his design, without consideration of the anomalies and contradictions into which they are precipitated at every turn. We thus get a fantoccini exhibition, when we look for a performance of living actors.

One of the most popular novels published within the last ten or twelve years was built up on this principle. The first suggestion arose from a name which the authoress thought carried a rural sound with it, and would make a capital name for a servant girl. From this hint the whole fabric was constructed:—a servant girl, a robbery, innocence persecuted and flying for refuge and concealment, profound obscurity up to the very verge of the catastrophe, and then the discovery of the real criminal, and poetical justice. It will not appear surprising that the readers of this novel, in which the natural and obvious course of all the individuals who move through its mazes is perverted to keep up the mystery, should be puzzled and con-

founded as to who was the delinquent, when it is added that the authoress herself did not make up her mind on that point until she could no longer delay the *eclaircissement*, and that she then determined it by some such rational procedure as that of shaking up names in a hat, and fixing the crime on the first that happened to be drawn.

Certain concessions must be made to the writers of novels of this class, in which the interest of the plot, chased through a labyrinth of circumstantial perplexities, supersedes all other sources of interest. There are novels of incident as there are novels of character; and each, to be judged fairly, must be judged by a different test. The former are the melo-dramas of narrative fiction. They consist of a compilation of stage effects, and some of them may be compared to conundrums put into action. In an intellectual point of view they occupy the lowest place in the scale. But even in these works the necessity of bringing a little discrimination to bear upon the development of character, as it becomes affected by the progress of events, is not set aside by the peculiar elements of which they are chiefly composed. Confining ourselves here to our immediate subject, without entering upon the wider considerations which will occur to the critical mind, it cannot fail to strike the most superficial reader that the love depicted in these novels has nothing in common with the passion as it appears in real life. It is made to act as a sort of fate upon the conduct of its victims, and the reader watches the observations of one of these doomed individuals as he would the course of a man laboring under an enchantment. The lover does not do what would be natural in the situation in which he is placed, but what is required to advance the general design. He has no control over himself or over the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and is compelled to go on or turn back, to become frantic or submissive, dogged or amiable, as it suits the fluctuations of the story. Could we separate him from the *imbroglio* in which he is tossed about so irrationally, and trace his career apart from that of the people with whom he is coiled up, we should find that his actions involve the most absurd inconsistencies, and that, instead of conducting himself like a person having a distinct object in view, he has throughout exhibited the wilful caprices of a violent temper, which to use an expressive phrase does not exactly know what to be at. If novelists of this order could see the advantage of endowing their characters with a little responsibility, they would greatly increase the popularity of their works. The first condition is to interest the reader in the persons whose fortunes he is invited to fol-

low; and this can be done only by impressing upon them the lineaments of humanity. Failing in this, we may be carried on by an idle curiosity to unlock the intricacies of the story; but we shall feel no more anxiety about the result than we should in taking to pieces a Chinese puzzle.

The broad antagonisms of character are almost the only points seized upon by writers who, ascending above the ordinary level, attempt to delineate the action of the passions. We have innumerable examples of the direct effects produced by love upon the proud and obstinate, the gentle and patient, the generous and mean; but few illustrations of the complex feelings which are concealed under the conventional surface. No human being is all pride or all obstinacy, all gentleness or all patience, all generosity or all meanness. These are in reality only the shallows of character, and if we would penetrate the great mystery of the heart, we must descend into the deep waters. The outward show is in most cases a false guide to the inner struggle. "By the long observations I have made on both sexes," says Steele, "I have established this as a maxim, that women dissemble their passions better than men, but that men subdue their passions better than women." It is the proper province of the novel to show this, and other latent truths, by laying open those secret emotions which are so frequently at variance with the predominant traits that shape and control external appearances.

It may be noted as a help to the enjoyment of old novels, that that which we consider preposterous or unnatural in them, because the forms in which it is conveyed are obsolete, may be perfectly true to life, and is, probably, all the more true, for the very reasons on which we found our objections. Love, although indestructible in its essence, takes the color in all ages of the manners of the times; and as it is the express business of the novelist to reflect the living manners, he must present his lovers in the garb of their own day. The etiquette which was observed between the most intimate lovers one hundred years ago, may appear to us very ridiculous; but it is not more ridiculous than our own customs appear to the French, or French customs to the Norwegians. The position of women in society has not only undergone changes at different periods in the same country, but displays the most remarkable contrasts at the same period in different countries, of which we have a familiar example in the social circumstances of women before and after marriage in France and America. Steele tells us that he never read anything which, to him, had so much nature and love as an expression or two in a letter written by a gentle-

woman to her husband who was condemned to suffer death in the civil wars; referring particularly to the opening of the letter, which runs as follows: "My dear Heart—My sad parting with you was so far from making me forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself since, but wholly upon you. Those dear embraces, which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful testimonies of an indulgent husband, have charmed my soul to such a reverence of your remembrance, that, were it possible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dead limbs to life again; and, with reverence, think it no sin to rob heaven a little while longer of a martyr." Upon this Steele observes, "I do not know that I have ever read anything so affectionate as that line, *those dear embraces which I yet feel.*"\*

Now it can scarcely be doubted that there is not one reader in a thousand of the present day who would agree with Steele, but would rather be inclined to consider the style and spirit of this letter artificial and premeditated, and utterly unsuited to the solemnity of so afflicting an occasion. The thousandth reader might have excellent reasons for adopting Steele's admiration of its pathos, and for believing with Leigh Hunt, that "posterity takes such sufferers to its heart, and crowns them with its tears." But posterity must understand the spirit of the age when this was written, in order to be able to appreciate its tenderness, and to discern a natural feeling at such a moment in the turgid image of cementing dead limbs with living blood, and robbing heaven of a martyr.

Love has at all times acted and expressed itself in forms corresponding with the manners and conditions of society. A novel of the middle ages would have been a very different affair from a novel of the nineteenth century; yet the love in each might be equally true in its essentials and its accidents. There was then a greater distance between the sexes, the approach was more difficult, the opposition was more marked, the contact more intense. Under the *régime* of the age of chivalry, of the Provençal poets, and the Courts of Love, the passion was regulated by fixed laws of ceremony and homage. The lover was compelled to respect certain social observances. Fidelity was indispensable, and the slightest departure from it a crime. The obligations of his devotion were as strict and as coercive as the obligations of his knighthood. In all the romances of chivalry we trace everywhere the influence of this code of honor and unsullied gallantry. The strained etiquette and formal courtesy of later times, which went out with ruffles and laced

\* The Lover, No. 8.

cravats, hoops and minuets, may be considered as legitimately descended from that state of society which was presided over by such persons as the beautiful Countess of Champagne and Ermengarde of Narbonne. The fine gentleman of the age of the Surreys and Wyatts, with the air of a prince and the instincts of a poet, and equally ready to assert the supremacy of his mistress in the lip-worship of a sonnet or at the point of a small sword, came down lineally from the stock of noble troubadours. The drawing-room gallant of the last century, exquisite in his appointments, the perfect model of courtesy and mirror of high breeding, was the degenerate heir of the old chivalry, but he inherited only its graces, which served him, like perfumes, to disguise the vices of his blood. We had the last glimpse of that extinct character in Sir Charles Grandison.

Every mode of composition in which love forms a conspicuous element is amenable to laws of its own. While the novel deals with its daily and familiar aspects, poetry idealizes its emotions, and the drama seizes its salient manifestations. The noblest love poem in our language—perhaps, as a whole, for completeness and unity of design, beauty and tenderness of expression, and pathetic truthfulness of delineation, the noblest in any language—is the *Troilus and Cresseyde* of Chaucer.\* We have here a picture which

\* "Talking of the signs," says Mr. Olapod, "puts me in mind of the zodiac;" and talking of Chaucer recalls a singular remark concerning one of his editors made by Mr. Walter Savage Landor in a recent number of our respected *Regina*. Mr. Landor is advocating the preservation of the orthography of old writers, which he insists upon peremptorily and indiscriminately, without touching the only question by which the authority of orthography can be determined—its connection with the grammatical structure of the language. But that is a large subject, and, having nothing to do with our present purpose, may be left for the consideration of others. He illustrates his case in the first instance by a reference to Milton. "I much commend," he says, "the late publisher of Milton's works for observing his orthography;" and a little farther on he adds, "let me remind you that *Paradise Lost* was never seen in print by the writer." How, then, can Mr. Landor undertake to say that the orthography is Milton's? The speculation with which he follows up this curious inconsistency, that "there is little doubt that Milton ordered his daughter to observe the spelling of a few particular words," does not diminish the difficulty, since it is wholly unsupported by a shred of even conjectural evidence. And now we come to Chaucer. Having commended the editor of Milton for preserving the author's orthography, he goes on to remark that "the same had been done by the judicious Tyrwhitt in

will survive to all time, and be intelligible through all vicissitudes of manners, of the youth and fervor of the passion, of the waywardness and weakness of a heart tempted by opportunity and seduced into infidelity by insidious circumstances, and of the desolation consequent upon violated faith. It is not within the compass of the novel or the drama to accomplish this great design with such universality of treatment. They are both more dependent upon extrinsic features, and more limited in their scope and means. In the drama all the small play of lights and shadows is unavoidably suppressed, and passion is fixed at its culminating points, in striking phases and suggestive situations. The novel has a wider field for the development of details, but these, unless managed with consummate skill, are more likely to fritter away than enhance the interest. The very necessity of condensation helps the effects of the dramatist. Thus we often find that an indifferent play may sometimes be vivid and entertaining, while an indifferent novel is always dull.

his edition of Chaucer;" and he afterwards says, "You propose the question—whether in altering the spelling of old books we are doing right or wrong? To me it appears decided by the authority of Tyrwhitt, the judge, and by the verdict of publishers, the jury." In these brief sentences, we have two very remarkable errors. In the first place, it is known to all students who are familiar with the Chaucer MSS., that no means whatever exist of fixing the orthography of Chaucer, which Mr. Landor takes for granted as if it had been left by Chaucer in a settled form. And, in the second place, it is also well known that Tyrwhitt, so far from preserving the orthography as he found it, perverted and corrupted it by exercising an arbitrary and unwarrantable control over the MSS. he collated. His edition of the *Canterbury Tales* is notoriously impure, and the source of the impurity is to be found in the explanation which he gives himself of the principle upon which he formed the text. He compared several MSS., differing from each other according to the tastes and competency of the scribes, some betraying in the spelling the peculiarities of a local dialect, others manifestly marked by ignorance and haste, and all written at various times, and exhibiting the fluctuations of orthography incidental to periods of rapid transition. Out of the whole, Tyrwhitt constructed a text of his own, which, even had he been qualified, which he was not, to decide the multitude of structural problems which must have arisen in the course of such a process, would have been a dangerous and unjustifiable experiment. Mr. Landor cannot have gone into the merits of the subject, or he would scarcely have commended Tyrwhitt for preserving the orthography of Chaucer, seeing that Tyrwhitt has to a considerable extent created an orthography of his own. For a nearer approach to the true forms of the original we must look to the labors of subsequent editors.

THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED BY STEAM.—In the enumeration of the various translations which had been made of Blumenbach's *Physiology*, appended to the Preface of Dr. Elliotston's edition (8vo., 1828), it is observed, with reference to a former one, Dr. Elliotston's second edition,

1817, that "it is a curiosity in typography, being the first book printed by steam. The printers were Bensley & Son." Perhaps this statement may be thought worthy to record.—*Notes and Queries*.



## HOME.

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

"For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."—*Isaiah xxviii. 20.*

"Then shall the dust return to the Earth as it was, and the Spirit shall return unto God who gave it."—*Eccles. xii. 7.*

THE Home I sigh for is no kindred dwelling  
Where eager eyes look wistfully for me,  
Where hand meets hand, and hearts with rapture swelling  
Bid the long parted the most loved one be.

Home! smiling home! the lines are o'er it drooping;  
Yet from its chambers children stand aloof;  
So low it lies, that thy kind hand in stooping  
Alone may touch its green and humble roof.

Home! peaceful home! the grass doth grow around it;  
For garden flowers the daisies blossom fair;  
Narrow its walls—an arm's breadth well may bound it;  
But sound of scorn or wrong can reach not there.

O, welcome home! the exile, gazing blindly  
Through tears of tenderness the loved to see,  
Haileth his native shore with thoughts less kindly  
Than my poor heart looks hopefully to thee!

There in the dust shall perish Life's last anguish,  
While the freed Soul to purer realms shall soar,  
Exile no longer from its home to languish,  
And Home—my Home!—is mine for evermore!

## A REMEMBRANCE OF AUTUMN.

Nothing stirs the sunny silence—  
Save the drowsy humming of the bees,  
Round the rich ripe peaches on the wall;  
And the south wind sighing in the trees,  
And the dead leaves rustling as they fall;  
While the swallows one by one are gathering,  
All impatient to be on the wing,  
And to wander from us, seeking  
Their beloved Spring!

Cloudless rise the azure heavens!  
Only vapours wreaths of snowy white  
Nestle on the gray hill's rugged side;  
And the golden woods are bathed in light,  
Dying, if they must, with kingly pride;  
While the swallows in the blue air wheeling  
Circle now an eager fluttering band,  
Ready to depart and leave us  
For a brighter land!

But a voice is sounding sadly,  
Telling of a glory that has been;  
Of a day that faded all too fast—  
See afar through the blue air serene

Where the swallows wing their way at last.  
And our hearts perchance so sadly wandering,  
Vainly seeking for a long-lost day,  
While we watch the far-off swallows,  
Flee with them away!

— Household Words.

## BERANGER'S NEW SONG.

A SONG recently written by Beranger and addressed "To the Students" has been circulating in manuscript in Paris, and appeared in *The Times* of 8th April. As it is thus cast broadcast over Europe, concealment or suppression is now out of the question. We print a tolerably close adaptation of the original:

What? Foolish boys—believe, once more,  
You're free to utter Freedom's cry,  
And fête, beneath the tricolor,  
Him who again has bid it fly?  
Yet my poor songs with love you name?  
Forget them—I've disowned them too:  
Had I your faith, I'd curse my fame—  
*Ah! pardon the poor minstrel, do!*

How do the days you'd reproduce  
Resemble those I used to sing:  
I, who ne'er faltered in abuse  
Of tool, toad, Emperor, Pope, or King?  
One soldier, yes, I hymned; and why?  
His crown was gone, his chain in view.  
St. Hélène venged our liberty—  
*Ah! pardon the poor minstrel, do!*

Nisard, Leverrier, Belmontet,  
For Victor and for Arago!  
Accept such substitutes as they—  
I—Force's unforgiving foe?  
There's one in Heaven's eternal home!  
Loves He the spy and gaoler crew?  
Is His the shrine swords guard in Rome?  
*Ah! pardon the poor minstrel, do!*

Ay, battles, and a coat of blue  
Thread-bared in fights, Beranger sings,  
When our Republic's children true  
Beat, twenty years, a League of Kings.  
But yon smart Guard, yon watchful spy,  
Who'd stab us for promotion—pooh!  
Is he my genial soldier-boy?  
*Ah! pardon the poor minstrel, do!*

To Poland—Italy—we owe  
A debt of blood! The cannons sound!  
Let's march and pay the debt! Why, no,  
So near our home there's slippery ground.  
Take Freedom somewhat more afar—  
The Turk to taste her charms we'll sue.  
Nations, a Holy League you are!  
*Ah! pardon the poor minstrel, do!*

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## "THE PROJECT."

It was not without surprise that Harcourt saw Glencore enter the drawing-room a few minutes before dinner. Very pale and very feeble, he slowly traversed the room, giving a hand to each of his guests, and answering the inquiries for his health by a sickly smile, while he said, "As you see me."

"I am going to dine with you to-day, Harcourt," said he, with an attempt at gaiety of manner. "Upton tells me that a little exertion of this kind will do me good."

"Upton's right," cried the Colonel, "especially if he added that you should take a glass or two of that admirable Burgundy. My life on 't, but that is the liquor to set a man on his legs again."

"I didn't remark that this was exactly the effect it produced upon you t'other night," said Upton, with one of his own sly laughs.

"That comes of drinking it in bad company," retorted Harcourt; "a man is driven to take two glasses for one."

As the dinner proceeded, Glencore rallied considerably, taking his part in the conversation, and evidently enjoying the curiously contrasted temperaments at either side of him. The one, all subtlety, refinement, and finesse; the other, out-spoken, rude, and true-hearted; rarely correct in a question of taste, but invariably right in every matter of honorable dealing. Though it was clear enough that Upton relished the eccentricities whose sallies he provoked, it was no less easy to see how thoroughly he appreciated the frank and manly nature of the old soldier; nor could all the crafty habits of his acute mind overcome the hearty admiration with which he regarded him.

It is in the unrestricted ease of these "little dinners," where two or three old friends are met, that social intercourse assumes its most charming form. The usages of the great world, which exact a species of uniformity of breeding and manners, are here laid aside, and men talk with all the bias and prejudices of their true nature, dashing the topics discussed with traits of personality and even whims that are most amusing. How little do we carry away of tact or wisdom from the grand banquets of life; and what pleasant stores of thought, what charming memories remain to us, after those small gatherings!

How, as I write this, one little room rises to my recollection, with its quaint old side-board of carved oak; its dark brown cabinets, curiously sculptured; its heavy, old brocade curtains, and all its queer devices of nick-nackery, where such meetings once were held, and where, throwing off the cares of

life, shut out from them as it were, by the massive folds of the heavy drapery across the door, we talked in all the fearless freedom of old friendship, rambling away from theme to theme, contrasting our experiences, balancing our views in life, and mingling through our converse the racy freshness of a boy's enjoyment with the sager counsels of a man's reflectiveness. Alas, how very early is it sometimes in life that we tread "the banquet hall deserted." But to our story: the evening wore pleasantly on; Upton talked as few but himself could do, upon the public questions of the day, and Harcourt, with many a blunt interruption, made the discourse but more easy and amusing. The soldier was indeed less at his ease than the others. It was not alone that many of the topics were not such as he was most familiar with, but he felt angry and indignant at Glencore's seeming indifference as to the fate of his son. Not a single reference to him even occurred; his name was never even passingly mentioned. Nothing but the careworn sickly face, the wasted form and dejected expression before him, could have restrained Harcourt from alluding to the boy. He bethought him, however, that any indiscretion on his part might have the gravest consequences. Upton, too, might have said something to quiet Glencore's mind. "At all events, I'll wait," said he to himself; "for wherever there is much delicacy in a negotiation, I generally make a mess of it." The more genially, therefore, did Glencore lend himself to the pleasure of the conversation, the more provoked did Harcourt feel at his heartlessness, and the more did the struggle cost him, to control his own sentiments.

Upton, who detected the secret working of men's minds with a marvellous exactness, saw how the poor Colonel was suffering, and that in all probability some unhappy explosion would at last ensue, and took an opportunity of remarking that though all this chit chat was delightful for them, Glencore was still a sick man.

"We must n't forget, Harcourt," said he, "that a chicken broth diet includes very digestible small talk; and here we are leading our poor friend through politics, war, diplomacy, and the rest of it, just as if he had the stomach of an old campaigner, and"—

"And the brain of a great diplomatist! Say it out, man, and avow honestly the share of excellence you accord to each of us," broke in Harcourt, laughing.

"I would to heaven we could exchange," sighed Upton languidly.

"The saints forbid," exclaimed the other; "and it would do us little good if we were able."

"Why so?"

"I'd never know what to do with that fine intellect if I had it; and as for you, what with your confounded pills and mixtures, your infernal lotions and embrocations, you'd make my sound system as bad as your own in three months' time."

"You are quite wrong, my dear Harcourt. I should treat the stomach as you would do the brain,—give it next to nothing to do, in the hopes it might last the longer."

"There now, good-night," said Harcourt; "he's always the better for bitters, whether he gives or takes them;" and with a good-humored laugh he left the room.

Glencore's eyes followed him as he retired; and then as they closed, an expression of long repressed suffering settled down on his features, so marked, that Upton hastily asked, "Are you ill—are you in pain, Glencore?"

"In pain? Yes," said he, "these two hours back I have been suffering intensely; but there's no help for it! Must you really leave this to-morrow, Upton?"

"I must. This letter from the Foreign Office requires my immediate presence in London, with a very great likelihood of being obliged to start at once for the Continent."

"And I had so much to say—so many things to consult you on," sighed the other.

"Are you equal to it now?" asked Upton.

"I must try, at all events. You shall learn my plan." He was silent for some minutes, and sat with his head resting on his hand, in deep reflection. At last he said, "Has it ever occurred to you, Upton, that some incident of the past, some circumstance in itself insignificant, should rise up, as it were, in after life to suit an actual emergency, just as though fate had fashioned it for such a contingency?"

"I cannot say that I have experienced what you describe; if I, indeed, fully understand it."

"I'll explain better by an instance. You know now,"—here his voice became slow, and the words fell with a marked distinctness,— "you know now what I intend by this woman. Well, just as if to make my plan more feasible, a circumstance intended for a very different object offers itself to my aid. When my uncle, Sir Miles Herrick, heard that I was about to marry a foreigner, he declared that he would never leave me a shilling of his fortune. I am not very sure that I cared much for the threat when it was uttered. My friends, however, thought differently, and though they did not attempt to dissuade me from my marriage, they suggested that I should try some means of overcoming this prejudice; at all events, that I should not hurry on the match without an effort to obtain his consent. I agreed, not

very willingly indeed, and so the matter remained. The circumstance was well known amongst my two or three most intimate friends, and constantly discussed by them. I need not tell you that the tone in which such things are talked of as often partakes of levity as seriousness. They gave me all manner of absurd counsels, one more outrageously ridiculous than the other. At last one day we were pic-nicking at Baia, Old Clifford—you remember that original who had the famous schooner-yacht 'The Breeze'—well, he took me aside after dinner, and said, 'Glencore, I have it—I have just hit upon the expedient. Your uncle and I were old chums at Christ Church fifty years ago. What if we were to tell him that you were going to marry a daughter of mine? I don't think he'd object. I'm half certain he'd not. I have been abroad these five-and-thirty years. Nobody in England knows much about me now. Old Herrick can't live forever, he is my senior by a good ten or twelve years, and if the delusion only last his time'—"

"But perhaps you have a daughter?" broke I in.

"I have, and she is married already, so there is no risk on that score.' I need not repeat all that he said for, nor that I urged against the project; for though it was after dinner, and we all had drunk very freely, the deception was one I firmly rejected. When a man shows a great desire to serve you on a question of no common difficulty, it is very hard to be severe upon his counsels, however unscrupulous they may be. In fact, you accept them as proofs of friendship only the stronger, seeing how much they must have cost him to offer."

Upton smiled dubiously, and Glencore, blushing slightly, said, "You don't concur in this, I perceive."

"Not exactly," said Upton, in his silkiest of tones; "I rather regard these occasions as I should do the generosity of a man who, filling my hand with base money, should say, 'Pass it if you can!'"

"In this case, however," resumed Glencore, "he took his share of the fraud, or at least was willing to do so, for I distinctly said No to the whole scheme. He grew very warm about it; at one moment appealing to my 'good sense, not to kick seven thousand a-year out of the window;' at the next, in half quarrelsome mood, asking 'if it were any objection I had to be connected with his family.' To get rid of a very troublesome subject, and to end a controversy that threatened to disturb a party, I said at last, 'We'll talk it over to-morrow, Clifford, and if your arguments be as good as your heart, then perhaps they may yet convince me.'

This ended the theme, and we parted. I started the next day on a shooting excursion into Calabria, and when I got back it was not of meeting W—— I was thinking. I hastened to meet the bella Torres, and then came our elopement. You know the rest. We went to the East, passed the winter in Upper Egypt, and came to Cairo in spring, where Charley was born. I got back to Naples after a year or two, and then found that my uncle had just died, and in consequence of my marrying the daughter of his old and attached friend, Sir Guy Clifford, had reversed the intention of his will, and by a codicil left me his sole heir. It was thus that my marriage, and even my boy's birth, became inserted in the peerage; my solicitor, in his vast eagerness for my interests, having taken care to endorse the story with his own name. The disinherited nephews and nieces, the half cousin and others, soon got wind of the real facts, and contested the will, on the ground of its being executed under a delusion. I, of course, would not resist their claim, and satisfied myself by denying the statement as to my marriage; and so, after affording the current subject of gossip for a season, I was completely forgotten, the more as we soon went to live abroad, and never mixed with English. And now, Upton, it is this same incident I would utilize for the present occasion, though, as I said before, when it originally occurred it had a very different signification."

"I don't exactly see how," said Upton.

"In this wise. My real marriage was never inserted in the peerage. I'll now manage that it shall so appear, to give me the opportunity of formally contradicting it, and alluding to the strange persistence with which, having married me some fifteen years ago to a lady who never existed, they now are pleased to unite me to one whose character might have secured me against the calumny. I'll threaten an action for libel, &c., obtain a most full, explicit, and abject apology, and then, when this has gone the round of all the journals of Europe, her doom is sealed!"

"But she has surely letters, writings, proofs of some sort."

"No, Upton, I have not left a scrap in her possession; she has not a line, not a letter to vindicate her. On the night I broke open her writing-desk, I took away everything that bore the traces of my own hand. I tell you again, she is in my power, and never was power less disposed to mercy."

"Once more, my dear friend," said Upton, "I am driven to tell you that I cannot be a profitable counsellor in a matter to every detail of which I object. Consider calmly for one moment what you are doing. See that, in your desire to be avenged upon

her, you throw the heaviest share of the penalty on your own poor boy. I am not her advocate now. I will not say one word to mitigate the course of your anger towards her, but remember that you are actually defrauding him of his birth-right. This is not a question where you have a choice. There is no discretionary power left you."

"I'll do it," said Glencore, with a savage energy.

"In other words, to wreak a vengeance upon one, you are prepared to immolate another, not only guiltless, but who possesses every claim to your love and affection."

"And do you think that if I sacrifice the last tie that attaches me to life, Upton, that I retire from this contest heart-whole? No, far from it; I go forth from the struggle broken, blasted, friendless!"

"And do you mean that this vengeance should outlive you? Suppose, for instance, that she should survive you."

"It shall be to live on in shame, then," cried he savagely.

"And were she to die first?"

"In that case—I have not thought well enough about that. It is possible—it is just possible; but these are subtleties, Upton, to detach me from my purpose, or weaken my resolution to carry it through. You would apply the craft of your calling to the case, and by suggesting emergencies, open a road to evasions. Enough for me the present. I neither care to prejudice the future, nor control it. I know," cried he suddenly, and with eyes flashing angrily as he spoke, "I know that if you desire to use the confidence I have reposed in you against me, you can give me trouble and even difficulty, but I defy Sir Horace Upton, with all his skill and all his cunning, to outwit me."

There was that in the tone in which he uttered these words, and the exaggerated energy of his manner, that convinced Upton Glencore's reason was not intact. It was not what could amount to aberration in the ordinary sense, but sufficient evidence was there to show that judgment had become so obscured by passion, that the mental power was weakened with the moral.

"Tell me, therefore, Upton," cried he, "before we part, do you leave this house my friend or my enemy?"

"It is as your sincere, attached friend that I now dispute with you, inch by inch, a dangerous position, with a judgment under no influence from passion, viewing this question by the coldest of all tests—mere expediency"—

"There it is," broke in Glencore; "you claim an advantage over me, because you are devoid of feeling; but this is a case, sir, where the sense of injury gives the instinct



of reparation. Is it nothing to me, think you, that I am content to go down dishonored to my grave, but also to be the last of my name and station? Is it nothing that a whole line of honorable ancestry is extinguished at once? Is it nothing, that I surrender him who formed my sole solace and companionship in life? You talk of your calm, unbiassed mind; but I tell you, till your brain be on fire like mine, and your heart swollen to very bursting, that you have no right to dictate to me! Besides, it is done! The blow has fallen," added he, with a deeper solemnity of voice. "The gulf that separates us is already created. She and I can meet no more. But why continue this contest? It was to aid me in directing that boy's fortunes I first sought your advice, not to attempt to dissuade me from what I will not be turned from."

"In what way can I serve you?" said Upton, calmly.

"Will you consent to be his guardian?"

"I will."

Glencore seized the other's hand, and pressed it to his heart, and for some seconds he could not speak.

"This is all that I ask, Upton," said he. "It is the greatest boon friendship could accord me. I need no more. Could you have remained here a day or two more, we could have settled upon some plan together as to his future life; as it is, we can arrange it by letter."

"He must leave this," said Upton, thoughtfully.

"Of course—at once!"

"How far is Harcourt to be informed in this matter—have you spoken to him already?"

"No; nor mean to do so. I should have from him nothing but reproaches for having betrayed the boy into false hopes of a station he was never to fill. You must tell Harcourt. I leave it to yourself to find the suitable means."

"We shall need his assistance, for the moment at least," said Upton, whose quick faculties were already busily travelling many a mile of the future. "I'll see him to-night, and try what can be done. In a few days you will have turned over in your mind what you yourself destine for him—the fortune you mean to give"—

"It is already done," said Glencore, laying a sealed letter on the table. "All that I purpose in his behalf you will find there."

"All this detail is too much for you, Glencore," said the other, seeing that a weary, depressed expression had come over him, while his voice grew weaker with every word. "I shall not leave this till late to-

morrow, so that we can meet again. And now, good-night."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A TETE-A-TETE.

WHEN Harcourt was aroused from his sound sleep by Upton, and requested in the very blandest tones of that eminent diplomatist to lend him every attention of his very remarkable faculties, he was not by any means certain that he was not engaged in a strange dream; nor was the suspicion at all dispelled by the revelations addressed to him.

"Just dip the end of that towel in the water, Upton, and give it to me," cried he at last; and then, wiping his face and forehead, said: "Have I heard you aright—there was no marriage?"

Upton nodded assent.

"What a shameful way has he treated this poor boy, then," cried the other. "I never heard of anything equal to it in cruelty; and I conclude it was breaking this news to the lad that drove him out to sea on that night, and brought on this brain fever. By Jove, I'd not take *his* title, and *your* brains, to have such a sin on my conscience!"

"We are happily not called on to judge the act," said Upton, cautiously.

"And why not? Is it not every honest man's duty to reprobate whatever he detects dishonorable or disgraceful? I do judge him, and sentence him too; and I say, moreover, that a more cold-blooded piece of cruelty I never heard of. He trains up this poor boy from childhood to fancy himself the heir to his station and fortune; he nurses in him all the pride that only a high rank can cover, and then, when the lad's years have brought him to the period when these things assume all their value, he sends for him to tell him he is a bastard."

"It is not impossible that I think worse of Glencore's conduct than you do yourself," said Upton, gravely.

"But you never told him so, I'll be sworn—you never said to him that it was a rascally action. I'll lay a hundred pounds on it, you only expostulated on the inexpediency, or the inconvenience, or some such trumpery consideration, and did not tell him in round numbers that what he had done was an infamy."

"Then I fancy you'd lose your money pretty much as you are losing your temper, that is, without getting anything in requital."

"What did you say to him, then?" said Harcourt, slightly abashed.

"A great deal in the same strain as you have just spoken in, doubtless not as warm in vituperation, but possibly as likely to pro-

duce an effect; nor is it in the least necessary to dwell upon that. What Glencore has done, and what I have said about it, both belong to the past. They are over—they are irrevocable. It is to what concerns the present and the future I wish now to address myself, and to interest you."

"Why, the boy's name was in the peerage—I read it there myself."

"My dear Harcourt, you must have paid very little attention to me awhile ago, or you would have understood how that occurred."

"And here were all the people, the tenantry, the estate, calling him the young lord, and the poor fellow growing up with the proud consciousness that the title was his due."

"There is not a hardship of the case I have not pictured to my own mind as forcibly as you can describe it," said Upton; "but I really do not perceive that any reprobation of the past has in the slightest assisted me in providing for the future."

"And then," murmured Harcourt, for all the while he was pursuing his own train of thought, quite irrespective of all Upton was saying, "and then he turns him adrift on the world, without friend or fortune."

"It is precisely that he may have both the one and the other that I have come to confer with you now," replied Upton. "Glencore has made a liberal provision for the boy, and asked me to become his guardian. I have no fancy for the trust, but I did n't see how I could decline it. In this letter he assigns to him an income, which shall be legally secured to him. He commits to me the task of directing his education, and suggesting some future career; and for both these objects I want your counsel."

"Education—prospects—why, what are you talking about? A poor fellow who has not a name, nor a home, nor one to acknowledge him: what need has he of education, or what chance of prospects? I'd send him to sea, and, if he was n't drowned before he came to manhood, I'd give him his fortune, whatever it was, and say, go settle in some of the colonies. You have no right to train him up, to meet fresh mortifications and insults in life—to be flouted by every fellow that has a father, and outraged by every cur whose mother was married."

"And are the colonies especially inhabited by illegitimate offspring?" said Upton, drily.

"At least he'd not be met with a rebuff at every step he made. The rude life of toil would be better than the polish of a civilization that could only reflect upon him."

"Not badly said, Harcourt," said Upton, smiling; "but as to the boy, I have other

prospects. He has, if I mistake not, very good faculties. You estimate them even higher. I don't see why they should be neglected. If he merely possesses the mediocrity of gifts which make men tolerable lawyers and safe doctors, why, perhaps, he may turn them into some channel. If he really can lay claim to higher qualities, they must not be thrown away."

"Which means, that he ought to be bred up to diplomacy," said Harcourt.

"Perhaps," said the other, with a bland inclination of the head.

"And what can an old dragoon like myself contribute to such an object?" asked Harcourt.

"You can be of infinite service in many ways," said Upton, "and for the present I wish to leave the boy in your care till I can learn something about my own destiny. This, of course, I shall know in a few days. Meanwhile you'll look after him, and, as soon as his removal becomes safe, you'll take him away from this, it does not much matter whither; probably some healthy, secluded spot in Wales, for a week or two, would be advisable. Glencore and he must not meet again; if ever they are to do so, it must be after a considerable lapse of time."

"Have you thought of a name for him, or is his to be still Massy?" asked Harcourt, bluntly.

"He is to take the maternal name of Glencore's family, and be called Doyle, and the settlements will be drawn up in that name."

"I'll be shot, if I like to have any share in the whole transaction! Some day or other it will all come out, and who knows how much blame may be imputed to us, perhaps for actually advising the entire scheme," said Harcourt.

"You must see, my dear Harcourt, that you are only refusing aid to alleviate an evil, and not to devise one. If this boy—"

"Well—well—I give in. I'd rather comply at once than be preached into acquiescence. Even when you do not convince me, I feel ashamed to oppose myself to so much cleverness; so, I repeat, I'm at your orders."

"Admirably spoken," said Upton with a smile.

"My greatest difficulty of all," said Harcourt, "will be to meet Glencore again after all this. I know, I feel, I never can forgive him."

"Perhaps he will not ask forgiveness, Harcourt," said the other with one of his slyest looks. "Glencore is a strange self-opinionated fellow, and has amongst other odd notions that of going the road he likes best

himself. Besides, there is another consideration here, and with no man will it weigh more than with yourself. Glencore has been dangerously ill—at this moment we can scarcely say that he has recovered; his state is yet one of anxiety and doubt. You are the last who would forget such infirmity, nor is it necessary, to secure your pity, that I should say how seriously the poor fellow is now suffering."

"I trust he'll not speak to me about this business," said Harcourt, after a pause.

"Very probably he will not. He will know that I have already told you everything, so that there will be no need of any communication from him."

"I wish from my heart and soul I had never come here. I would to Heaven I had gone away at once, as I first intended. I like that boy, I feel he has fine stuff in him, and now"—

"Come, come, Harcourt, it's the fault of all soft-hearted fellows, like yourself—that this kindness degenerates into selfishness, and they have such a regard for their own feelings, that they never agree to anything that wounds them. Just remember that you and I have very small parts in this drama, and the best way we can do is to fill them without giving ourselves the airs of chief characters."

"You're at your old game, Upton; you are always ready to wet yourself, provided you give another fellow a ducking."

"Only if he get a worse one, or take longer to dry after it," remarked Upton, laughing.

"Quite true, by Jove," chimed in the other, "you take special care to come off best; and now you're going," added he, as Upton rose to withdraw, "and I'm certain that I have not half comprehended what you want from me."

"You shall have it in writing, Harcourt; I'll send you a clear despatch the first spare moment I can command after I reach town. The boy will not be fit to move for some time to come, and so good-bye."

"You don't know where they are going to send you?"

"I cannot frame even a conjecture," sighed Upton, languidly. "I ought to be in the Brazils for a week, or so about that slave question; and then, the sooner I reach Constantinople the better."

"Won't they want you at Paris?" asked Harcourt, who felt a kind of quiet vengeance in developing what he deemed the weakness of the other.

"Yes," sighed he again, "but I can't be everywhere;" and so saying, he lounged away, while it would have taken a far more subtle listener than Harcourt to say whether

he was mystifying the other, or the dupe of his own self-esteem.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## BILLY TRAYNOR AS ORATOR.

THREE weeks rolled over: an interval not without its share of interest for the inhabitants of the little village of Leenane, since on one morning Mr. Craggs had made his appearance on his way to Clifden, and after an absence of two days returned to the castle. The subject for popular discussion and surmise had not yet declined, when a boat was seen to leave Glencore, heavily laden with trunks and travelling gear, and as she neared the land, the lord was detected amongst the passengers, looking very ill—almost dying; he passed up the little street of the village, scarcely noticing the uncovered heads which saluted him respectfully. Indeed, he scarcely lifted up his eyes, and, as his acute observers remarked, never once turned a glance towards the opposite shore where the castle stood.

He had not reached the end of the village, when a chaise with four horses arrived at the spot. No time was lost in arranging the trunks and portmanteaus, and Lord Glencore sat moodily on a bank, listlessly regarding what went forward. At length Craggs came up, and touching his cap in military fashion, announced all was ready.

Lord Glencore arose slowly, and looked languidly around him; his features wore the mingled expression of weariness and anxiety, like one not fully awakened from an oppressive dream. He turned his eyes on the people, who at a respectful distance stood around, and in a voice of peculiar melancholy, said, "Good-bye."—"A good journey to you, my lord, and safe back again to us," cried a number together.

"Eh, what, what was that?" cried he suddenly, and the tones were shrill and discordant in which he spoke.

A warning gesture from Craggs imposed silence in the crowd, and not a word was uttered.

"I thought they said something about coming back again," muttered Glencore gloomily. "They were wishing you a good journey, my lord," replied Craggs.

"O, that was it, was it?" and so saying, with bent down head, he walked feebly forward and entered the carriage. Craggs was speedily on the box, and the next moment they were away.

It is no part of our task to dwell on the sage speculations and wise surmises of the village on this event. They had not, it is true, much "evidence" before them, but they were hardy guessers, and there was very little within the limits of possibility, which they did not summon to the aid of their im-

aginations. All however were tolerably agreed upon one point—that to leave the place, while the young lord was still unable to quit his bed and too weak to sit up, was unnatural and unfeeling; traits which “after all” they thought not very surprising, since the likes of them lords never cared for any body.

Colonel Harcourt still remained at Glencore, and under his rigid sway the strictest blockade of the coast was maintained, nor was any intercourse whatever permitted with the village. A boat from the castle, meeting another from Leenane, half way in the lough, received the letters and whatever other resources the village supplied. All was done with the rigid exactness of a quarantine regulation, and if the main-land had been scourged with plague, stricter measures of exclusion could scarcely have been enforced.

In comparison with the present occupant of the castle, the late one was a model of amiability; and the village, as is the wont in the case, now discovered a vast number of good qualities in the “lord,” when they had lost him. After a while, however, the guesses, the speculations, and the comparisons all died away, and the Castle of Glencore was as much dream-land to their imaginations, as, seen across the lough in the dim twilight of an evening in autumn, its towers might have appeared to their eyes.

It was about a month after Lord Glencore's departure, of a fine, soft evening in summer, Billy Traynor suddenly appeared in the village. Billy was one of a class who, whatever their rank in life, are always what Coleridge would have called “noticeable men.” He was soon, therefore, surrounded with a knot of eager and inquiring friends, all solicitous to know something of the life he was leading; what they were doing “beyant at the castle.”

“It's a mighty quiet studious kind of life,” said Billy, “but it agrees with me wonderfully; for I may say that until now I never was able to give my ‘janius’ fair play. Professional life is the ruin of the student, and being always obliged to be thinkin’ of the bags destroyed my taste for letters.” A grin of self-approval at his own witticism closed this speech.

“But is it true, Billy, the lord is going to break up house entirely, and not come back here?” asked Peter Slevin, the sacristan; whose rank and station warranted his assuming the task of cross-questioner.

“There's various ways of breakin’ up a house,” said Billy; “ye may do so in a moral sense, or in a physical sense; you may obliterate, or extinguish, or, without going so far, you may simply obfuscate—do you perceive?”

“Yes!” said the sacristan, on whom every eye was now bent, to see if he was able to follow subtleties that had outwitted the rest.

“And whin I say *obfuscate*,” resumed Billy, “I open a question of disputed etymology, bekase tho’ Lucretius thinks the word *obfuscator* original, there's many supposes it comes from *ob*, and *fucus*, the dye the ancients used in their wool, as we find in Horace, *lana fuco medicata*; while Cicero employs it in another sense, and says, *facere fucum*, which is as much as to say humbuggin’ somebody—do ye mind?”

“Be Gorra, he might guess that anyhow!” muttered a shrewd little tailor, with a significance that provoked hearty laughter.

“And now,” continued Billy, with an air of triumph, “we'll proceed to the next point.”

“Ye need n't trouble yerself, then,” said Terry Lynch, “for Peter is gone home!”

And so, to the amusement of the meeting, it turned out to be the case; the sacristan had retired from the controversy. “Come in here to Mrs. Moore's, Billy, and take a glass with us,” said Terry, “it isn't often we see you in these parts.”

“If the honorable company will graciously vouchsafe and condescend to let me trate them to a half-gallon,” said Billy, “it will be the proudest event of my terrestrial existence.”

The proposition was received with a cordial enthusiasm, flattering to all concerned, and in a few minutes after, Billy Traynor sat at the head of a long table in the neat parlor of “The Griddle,” with a company of some fifteen or sixteen very convivially disposed friends around him.

“If I was Cæsar, or Lucretius, or Nebuchadnezzar, I could n't be prouder,” said Billy, as he looked down the board. “And let moralists talk as they will, there's a beautiful expansion of sentiment—there's a fine genial overflowin’ of the heart in gatherins like this—where we mingle our feelins and our philosophy; and our love and our learning walk hand in hand like brothers—pass the sperits, Mr. Shea. If we look to the ancient writers, what do we see? Lemons; bring in some lemons, Mickey. What do we see, I say, but that the very highest enjoyment of the haythen gods was—hot wather! why won't they send in more hot wather!”

“Be Gorra, if I was a haythen god, I'd like a little whiskey in it,” muttered Terry, drily.

“Where was I?” asked Billy, a little disconcerted by this sally, and the laugh it excited.

“I was expatiatin’ upon celestial convivialities. The *noctes cænaque deum*—them



elegant hospitalities, where wisdom was moistened with nectar, and wit washed down with ambrosia. It is not, by coarse, to be expected," continued he, modestly, "that we mere mortals can compete with them elegant refections. But, as Ovid says, we can at least *diem jucundam decipere*."

The unknown tongue had now restored to Billy all the reverence and respect of his auditory, and he continued to expatiate very eloquently on the wholesome advantages to be derived from convivial intercourse, both amongst gods and men, rather silyly intimating that either on the score of the fluids, or the conversation, his own leanings lay towards "the humanities." "For after all," said he, "'tis our own wakenesses is often the source of our most refined enjoyments. No, Mrs. Cassidy, ye need n't be blushin'. I'm considerin' my subject in a high ethnological and metaphysical sinse." Mrs. Cassidy's confusion, and the mirth it excited, here interrupted the orator.

"The meetin' is never tired of hearin' you, Billy," said Terry Lynch, "but if it was plazin' to ye to give us a song, we'd enjoy it greatly."

"Ah!" said Billy, with a sigh, "I have taken my parting kiss with the Muses — *non mihi licet increpare digitis lyram*."

"No more to feel poetic fire,  
No more to touch the soundin' lyre;  
And wiser courses to begin,  
I now forsake my violin."

An honest outburst of regret and sorrow broke from the assembly, who eagerly pressed for an explanation of this calamitous change.

"The thing is this," said Billy. "If a man is a creature of mere leisure and amusement, the fine arts, — and by the fine arts I mean music, paintin', and the ladies, — is an elegant and very refined subject of cultivation; but when you raise your cerebral faculties to grander and loftier considerations, to explore the difficult regions of polemic or political truth, to investigate the subtleties of the schools, and penetrate the mysteries of science, then, take my word for it, the fine arts is just snares — devil a more than snares! And whether it is soft sounds seduces you, or elegant tints, or the union of both — women I mane — you'll never arrive at anything great or tri-umphant till you wane yourself away from the likes of them vanities. Look at the haythen mythology; consider for a moment who is the chap that represents music — a lame blaguard, with an ugly face, they call Pan. Ay, indeed, Pan. If you wanted to see what respect they had for the art, it's easy enough to guess, when this crayture represents it; and as to 'paintin', on my conscience they

have n't a god at all that ever took to the brush."

"Pass up the sperits, Mickey," said he, somewhat blown and out of breath by this effort; "maybe," said he, "I'm wearyin' you."

"No, no, no," loudly responded the meeting.

"Maybe I'm imposing too much of personal details on the house," added he pompously.

"Not at all; never a bit," cried the company.

"Because," resumed he slowly, "if I did so, I'd have at least the excuse of saying, like the great Pitt, 'These may be my last words from this place.'"

An unfeigned murmur of sorrow ran through the meeting, and he resumed.

"Ay, ladies and gentlemine, Billy Traynor is taking his 'farewell benefit'; he's not humbuggin'; I'm not like them chaps that's always positively goin', but stays on at the unanimous request of the whole world. No; I'm really goin' to leave you."

"What for? Where to, Billy?" broke from a number of voices together.

"I'll tell ye," said he; "at least so far as I can tell; because it would n't be right nor decent to 'print the whole of the papers for the house, as they say in parliamint. I'm going abroad with the young lord; we are going to improve our minds, and cultivate our januises, by study and foreign travel. We are first to settle in Germany, where we're to enter a University, and commence a course of modern tongues, French, Swedish, and Spanish; imbibin' at the same time a smatterin' of science, such as chemistry, conchology, and the use of the globes."

"O dear! O dear!" murmured the meeting in wonder and admiration.

"I'm not goin' to say that we'll neglect mechanics, metaphysics, and astrology; for we mane to be cosmonopolists in knowledge. As for myself, ladies and gentlemine, it's a proud day that sees me standin' here to say these words. I, that was ragged, without a shoe to my foot, without breeches; never mind, I was, as the poet says, *nudus nummis ac vestimentis* —

"I have n't six-pence in my pack,  
I have n't small clothes to my back."

"Carryin' the bag many a weary mile, through sleet and snow, for six pounds tin per annum, and no pension for wounds or superannuation — and now I'm to be — it is n't easy to say what — to the young lord, a species of humble companion, not manial, do you mind, nothing manial. What the Latins called a *famulus*, which was quite a different

thing from a *servus*. The former bein' a kind of domestic adviser, a deputy-assistant, monitor-general, as a body might say. There now, if I discoursed for a month I could n't tell you more about myself and my future prospects. I own to you, that I'm proud of my good look; and I would n't exchange it to be Emperor of Jamaica, or King of the Bahama Islands."

If we have been prolix in our office of reporter to Billy Traynor, our excuse is, that

his discourse will have contributed so far to the reader's enlightenment as to save us the task of recapitulation. At the same time it is but justice to the accomplished orator that we should say, we have given but the most meagre outline of an address, which, to use the newspaper phrase, occupied three hours in the delivery. The truth was, Billy was in vein; the listeners patient, the punch strong; nor is it every speaker who has the good fortune of such happy accessaries.

EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD AMERICAN PAPER.—One hundred and eight years ago there were only three papers published on the North American continent; and from one of these, the *Maryland Gazette*, the following reminiscences have been recently taken:

"In the number of May 20, 1746, we are informed that, on Friday last, Hector Grant, James Horney, and Esther Anderson, white servants, were executed at Chester, in Kent county, pursuant to their sentence for the murder of their late master. The men were *hanged*, and the woman *burned*."

"On Saturday, May 26, 1746, two men of repute fishing off Kent Island, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the weather clear and calm, they saw to their great surprise, at a small distance, a man about five feet high walking by them on the water, as if on dry ground. He crossed over from Kent Island to Talbot county, about the distance of four miles."

"On Friday, June 18, 1744, at a court holden for the county of Anne Arundel, three persons were arraigned for drinking the Pretender's health; and being found guilty, after a fair trial, they were fined twenty pounds each, and obliged to give security for their good behavior."

"On Tuesday, July 30, 1745, at Upper Marlborough, in Prince George's county, were great rejoicings on account of the reduction of Cape Breton; a handsome subscription being raised by the gentlemen of the said county for the purpose of furnishing the soldiers with provisions, clothing, and other necessaries."

SUPERSTITION REGARDING BANNS OF MARRIAGE.—A Worcestershire woman was asked the other day, why she did not attend church on the three Sundays on which her banns of marriage were proclaimed? She replied, that she should never dream of doing so unlucky a thing; and, on being questioned as to the kind of ill-luck that would have been expected to have followed upon her attendance at church, she said that all the offspring of such a marriage would be *born deaf and dumb*; and that she knew a young woman who would persist in going to church to hear her banns "asked out," and whose *six* children were in consequence all deaf and dumb!—*Notes and Queries*.

THE HOUR-GLASS IN THE PULPIT.—In a reprint (1807) of "The Tales and Jests of Mr. Hugh Peters, published by one that hath formerly been conversant with the author in his lifetime; to which is prefixed a short account of his Life," there is also prefixed a portrait of the worthy jester preacher, the coarseness of which is only exceeded by the coarseness of its subject. "Blasphemy," "Rebellion," and "Heresie," are proceeding from his mouth; and he is, with the remarkable longwindedness of those times, turning an hour-glass which he holds in his hand, exclaiming, "I know you are good fellows, stay and take another glass." It is, however, not unlikely that this portrait is, after all, a "new antiquity," and dates with the reprint.—*Notes and Queries*.

CURIOUS ERRATA.—One of the most curious excuses for "faults escaped in the printing," occurs in Dr. Daniel Featley's reply to one of Fisher's controversial works, entitled *The Romish Fisher caught in his own Net*: London, 1624:

"I entreat the courteous reader to understand that the greater part of the book was printed in the time of the great frost; when by reason that the Thames was shut up, I could not conveniently procure the proofs to be brought unto mee before they were wrought off; whereupon it fell out that very many grosse escapes passed the press, and (which was the worst fault of all) the third part is left unpagged."

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—On passing through the churchyard of Dinton, Wilts, I was struck with the following epitaph, to the meaning of which, on inquiry, I could obtain no clue:

"Here lyes dear John, his parents' love and joy,  
That most pretty and ingenious boy.  
His matchless soul is not yet forgotten,  
Though here the lovely body dead and rotten.  
Ages to come may wonder at his fame,  
And here his death by shameful malice came.  
How spiteful some did use him, and how rude,  
Grief will not let me write: but now conclude.  
To God forever all praise be given,  
Since we hope he is with Him in Heaven.

J. A. ob. 28 Dec., 1716.

—*Notes and Queries*.

From Household Words.

## A DEFENCE OF OWLS.

THERE is no greater evil in life than that of laboring under a bad reputation. No description of biped—feathered or smooth, naked or hairy—has suffered more in this way than the Owl, and, for the greater part, most unjustly. Common Fame has invariably associated the owl with melancholy and misfortune, in almost all countries except in ancient Greece—where owls were honored and promoted to a dignified copartnership with the goddess of wisdom. Its very name has become a byword, its appearance a signal for unseemly mirth or for unconcealed aversion; and all this without the slightest reason. In the simple form of appellation alone, nations, calling themselves civilized, have endeavored to affix words of opprobrium on the Owl. The learned—in whose erudite bosoms dwell no touch of pity—adopted or invented terms, such as *Bubo*, *Strix*, *Scops* (words conveying the idea of something noisy or unpleasant), as if they desired to create a prejudice by the mere mention of the unhappy bird. Nor have the unlearned been much behind them; for the nomenclature of the owl is scarcely less insulting amongst the common people in every part of Europe. Our polite French ally makes up his mouth, and says *Hibou*, with a strong and spiteful accentuation of the last syllable, which is the obnoxious root of the name in nearly all languages; or he speaks through his nose, as none but a Frenchman can speak, and stigmatizes the poor thing as a *Chat-Huant*, or hooting-cat, a designation at once illogical and illiberal. The soft-voiced Italian chokes with the malicious epithet *Gufo*; the grave Spaniard, taking the cigarito from his lips, sonorously exclaims *Buho*; the Lower Austrian imitates the Castilian as well as he can, and cries *Buhu*; while the German, with wondering eyes and unmeaning face, delivers himself of *Eule* (which he pronounces very like *Oily*), as if he had hit upon something superlatively characteristic and transcendental. Vulgarity marks the treatment which the Owl experiences in England. Madge-howlet is, perhaps, the least ungentlemanlike of the names we give; but a number of offensive adjectives are freely applied to designate a bird, quite as estimable as many that enjoy a much better character. In the Highlands of Scotland, the Owl is served out, so to speak, in barbarous Celtic, as a *Corras-*

*greachag*, or a *Cailleach-oidhche*,—words which I defy the least harmonious bird of night itself to pronounce; and the Welch leave you to choose between *Dylluan Wen* and *Aderyn-y-Corph*, both of which you may be sure mean something disagreeable. The Red Indians of North America, who know no better, call their Owl *Cobadecootch*, and *Wapohoo*; and the native Australians, who ought to be the last people to sneer at others, derisively say *Buck-buck* when they speak of the bird of wisdom. The Japanese have a canine notion of our friend—perhaps they believe them to be feathered dogs—and whisper *Howo-waiwo*, when he sails across their path. The Arabs, with their deep guttural voices, say *Khufj*; but what word the Persians use, I decline to mention. This enumeration might be greatly extended. Enough, probably, has been instanced to show that the Owl is not in the slightest degree indebted to mankind for the ordinary politeness that is due to every stranger.

Let me see now what is said respecting his nature and habits. Pliny, who was always ready to fall into any absurdity, is amongst the first who tried to fasten upon him a dismal and lugubrious character. “The scritch-owle,” he says (I follow the translation of Philemon Holland), “betokeneth alwais some heave newes, and is most execrable and accursed and unsemely in the presages of publick affaires. He keepeth ever in deserts” (which is not true), “and loveth not onely such unpeopled places, but also that are horrible and hard of accesse. In summer he is the verie monster of the night, neither crying nor singing out cleere, but uttering a certain heave grone of dolefull moning. And therefore” (most logical Pliny!) “if he be seene to flie either within citties, or otherwise abroad in any place, it is not for good, but prognosticateth some fearfull misfortune. Howbeit, I myself know that he hath sitten upon many houses of privat men, and yet no deadly accident followed thereupon.” Obligated, then, to give him a better character than he intended, Pliny adds with a sneer: “he never flieth directly at ease, as he would himselfe” (how does he know that?), “but evermore sidelong and byas, as if he were carried away with the wind or somewhat else.”

In Bartholomeus’ *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, by Berthelet, is the following: “Of the

Owle, Divynours telle that they betoken evyll; for if the owle be seen in a citie, it signifyeth distrucion and waste, as Isidore sayth. The cryinge of the owle by nyght tokeneth deathe, as divynours conjecte and deme." Again: "Alexander Ross informs us, in his Appendix to the Arcana Microcosmi, that Lampridius and Marcellinus, among other prodigies which presaged the death of Valentinian the emperor, mention an owle which sate upon the top of the house when he used to bathe, and could not thence be driven away with stones. Julius Obsequens (in his Book of Prodigies) shoves that a little before the death of Commodus Antoninus the emperor, an owle was observed to sit upon the top of his chamber, both at Rome and at Lanuvium. Xiphilius, speaking of the prodigies that went before the death of Augustus, says, the owl sung upon the top of the Curia" (I should say, lamented). "He declares that the action was presigned by the flying of owles in the Temple of Concord. In the year 1542" (a long stride from the time of Augustus), "at Herbipolis, or Wirtzburg, in Franconia, this unlucky bird by his screeching songs affrighted the citizens very much indeed, and there immediately followed a great plague, war, and other calamities. About twenty years ago I did observe" (this is Alexander Ross who is now speaking) "that in the house where I lodged, an owle, groaning in the window, presaged the death of two eminent persons, who died there shortly after."

Calumniators having once been found, it was easy enough for others to follow in the wake of calumny; and writers went on accusing the owl of conduct which had its origin only in their own perverted notions. Even Shakspeare, a constant reader of Philemon Holland's Pliny, is not exempt from this fault; although he atones for it in a place, to which I shall presently refer. When Lady Macbeth is expecting tidings of the death of Duncan, she exclaims:

"It was the owl that shriek'd — the fatal bellman  
That gives the stern'st good-night."

By calling the owl "a fatal bellman," this anscrupulous lady meant to imply that his voice was the voice of fate, and that her husband must, of necessity, now commit the murder. But if kings are to have their throats cut by their hosts in dreary old cas-

tles in Scotland, it is quite time, I think, for owls to be relieved of the accusation of being instruments of such deeds. The shriek was not the prophetic precursor of the deed, but the natural proclamation of horror which all right-minded owls would feel at its accomplishment. One might multiply instances a thousand-fold of the lavish abuse bestowed upon the owl by poets, dramatists, and even by historians; all tending to illustrate the truth, that if you give an owl an ill name you sign his death-warrant. But it is pleasanter to turn to the bright side of the picture. Indeed, it was chiefly to represent the owl in a cheerful and agreeable light that I undertook this disputation.

Buffon, with his many excellent qualifications, is not quite so much the friend of the owl as in strict justice he ought to be; but the discerning reader will know how to separate the wheat from the chaff in which he deals so largely. Speaking of the *Bubo Maximus* — called by the French the Grand Duke — he says: "The Poets have dedicated the eagle to Jupiter and the duke to Juno. He is, in fact, the eagle of the night, and the king of that tribe of birds who fear" (let us say, avoid) "the light of day, and only fly when it is gone." Then comes some fault-finding. Compelled to recognize the majesty of the Grand Duke's deportment, he objects to his voice: "His cry is fearful," he ill-naturedly observes, "huihou, houiou, bouhou, upouhou," expressions which, in my opinion, are innocent enough in themselves, and depend for their effect entirely on the way in which they are uttered. That these tones cannot all of them be unmusical, may be inferred from the remark of Nigidius, an old writer on the habits of nocturnal birds, who tells us that, "Howlets for sixty daies in winter keepe close and remaine in covert, and then change their voices into nine tunes!" Before he dismisses the Grand Duke, Buffon must needs have a fling at his looks: "These birds," he says, "are kept in menageries on account of their singular appearance," a remark which applies with as much truth to at least half the birds in every ornithological collection. But Buffon's spite in this matter is manifest, and it shows itself also in the evident glee with which he describes, after Peter Belon, the infamous use to which the Grand Duke is occasionally turned: "He is employed in falconry to en-



trap the kite. In order to render his figure still more extraordinary a fox's tail is fastened to him; this appendage attracts the kite from a distance, and he flies towards the duke, not to attack, but to admire him" (Belon is obliged to concede this) "and he hovers near him so long that the sportsman has plenty of time to kill the wondering bird of prey." The Grand Duke has, however, nobler employments, for the aforesaid Peter Belon, who flourished (with a large folio in his hand) in the middle of the sixteenth century, says, in his *Natural History of Birds*: "He is called Duke in French, very possibly, as being the conductor or leader of other birds when they depart for foreign countries." In this sense we may look upon him as a kind of Godfrey de Bouillon, or as a type of Peter the Hermit.

Having nothing more to say against the Grand Duke, Buffon now turns to the Moyaen Duc, or Otus, from the Greek *Ous*, Ear, in Latin, auritus. By the way in which he begins one would think that this genus were Jews: "Its cry is clow, cloud!" and that of the Chat-Huant (felis gemendo or "groaning cat," so called, observes Gesner, because the head, both for shape and bigness, is like a cat's) he tells us is "hoho, hoho!" He then goes on to say; "Both these owls occupy themselves during the day in making ridiculous buffoon-like gestures in the presence of men and other birds. Aristotle attributes this kind of talent only to the Otus, while Pliny ascribes it to the Scops, as if it were a different species, calling his movements whimsical, motus satyricus." The name which Aristotle gives the Otus is that of mountebank, dancer, or buffoon, one who counterfeits what he sees. Buffon adds, as if he had settled the particular question by a general accusation, "I shall merely observe that all these absurd or satirical gestures attributed to the owl by the ancients are common to almost all kinds of nocturnal birds, and reduce themselves, in fact, to an astonished countenance, to frequent turnings of the neck, to motions of the head up and down and on all sides, to chattering with the beak, to trepidations in the legs, and to movements of the feet—one claw of which is sometimes thrust backwards and then again brought forward." While on the same subject Buffon notices an attempted identification of the Otus with the Demoiselle or

Numidian Crane (*Anthropoides Virgo*), observing with truth, "The one is as like the other as a heavy turkey resembles an agile sparrow-hawk." He then proceeds: "It is to Messieurs the anatomists of the Academy of Sciences, that we are indebted for this idea in the description which they have given us of the Numidian Crane, where they seek to establish the resemblance, and express themselves in these terms, 'This bird has been called the Demoiselle of Numidia, because it comes from that province in Africa, and has certain ways which imitate the gestures of a young woman who affects a graceful carriage and manner of walking, almost approaching a dance.'" This description may be true enough, but it has nothing in common with what I may term the comic attitudes of the Small Duke, and I look upon the allusion as only a covert mode of attacking that hilarious fowl.

For the proof that he is a regular bon-vivant, merry-maker, roisterer—what, in short, we call a good fellow—and not a mope or make-bate, let us hear what Audubon, the distinguished modern ornithologist, says about him. He is describing the barred owl (*Strix nebulosa*), the chouette of Canada:—"This owl was a most abundant visitor to my solitary encampment, often a most amusing one; and, by less accustomed travellers, might easily have been converted into an inhabitant of another world." Robin Goodfellow, in fact, without his malice. "How often, when snugly settled under the boughs of my temporary encampment, and preparing to roast a venison-steak or the body of a squirrel, on a wooden spit, have I been saluted with the exulting bursts of this nightly disturber of the peace. . . . How often have I seen this nocturnal marauder" (jocosely said, of course, just as one calls one's best friend an old rascal) "alight within a few yards of me, exposing his whole body to the glare of the fire, and eye me in such a curious manner, that, had it been reasonable to do so, I would gladly have invited him to join me in my repast, that I might have enjoyed the pleasure of forming a better acquaintance with him. The liveliness of his motions, joined to their oddness, have made me think that his society would be often at least as agreeable as that of many of the buffoons we meet with in the world." It is this individual whom the observant natural-

ist calls the Sancho Panza of the woods, and under that name we all know how much shrewdness and humor lie hidden. That owls have far more intellect than goes to the making of many a professed diner-out, Audubon abundantly shows. "Such persons as conclude, when looking upon owls, in the glare of day, that they are, as they then appear, extremely dull, are greatly mistaken." He then, in the fulness of his experience, continues: "The barred owl is more abundant in Louisiana than in any other State. It is almost impossible to travel eight or ten miles in any of the retired woods there without seeing several of them, even in broad day; and at the approach of rain, their cries are so multiplied during the day" (excellent barometers, you observe), "and especially in the evening, and they respond to each other in tones so strange, that one might imagine some extraordinary fête about to take place among them. On approaching one of them, its gesticulations seem to be of a very extraordinary nature. The position of the bird, which is generally erect, is immediately changed. It lowers its head and inclines its body to watch the motions of the person beneath; throws forward the lateral feathers of its head, which thus has the appearance of being surrounded by a broad ruff; looks towards him as if half-blind, and moves to and fro in so strange a manner as almost to induce a person to fancy that part dislocated from the body. It follows all the motions of the intruder with its eyes; and should it suspect any treacherous intentions, flies off to a short distance, alighting with its back to the person, and immediately turning about with a single jump to recommence its scrutiny. In this manner the barred owl may be followed a considerable distance, if not shot at—for to halloo after it does not seem to frighten it much. But if shot at and missed, it removes to a good distance, after which, its *whah-whah-whah!* is uttered with considerable pomposity." Pomposity is not the right word here—Audubon should have said "lofty exaltation."

Uniform quickness of vision does not perhaps characterize all the tribe, for the ornithologist remarks: "Their power of sight during the day seems to be of an equivocal character, as I once saw one alight on the back of a cow, which it left so suddenly after, when the cow moved, as to prove to me that

the owl had mistaken the object on which it perched for something else." With all submission to Mr. Audubon, his assertion can only prove—if prove it does—that that particular owl was short-sighted. I myself once said "Pretty Poll" to a pair of green slippers at an open window on the opposite side of the street; taking them for a parrot, but this was only evidence of a casual mistake. Besides, how does he know that this owl, belonging to a race remarkable for oddity, did not meditate some famous practical joke when the cow suddenly discovered who was on her back?

It is a singular fact, and shows what effect popular prejudice has on the best-regulated minds, that even those who may be looked upon as the Owl's best friends, cannot write much about him without saying something ill-natured. They resemble the Spartan who voted for the banishment of Aristides because he was tired of hearing him well-spoken of. Yarrell, for instance, falls into the common error from which Audubon could not extricate himself, greatly as the American was indebted to the Owl for entertainment during his nocturnal campings-out. "Owls," Mr. Yarrell remarks, "have but little external beauty of form; the head is large, the expression grotesque, the body bulky in appearance." These things are not, strictly speaking, beauties; but the possessor of them may have reason to rejoice in mental qualities to which those which are merely personal are as nothing. I know more than one eminent counsel, destined some day, perhaps, to adorn the bench, of whom the same might be quite as truly said. Yarrell adds, however: "Their plumage is soft and downy; their flight is easy and buoyant, but not rapid, and from the soft texture of their feathers, is performed without noise." If he were describing a presentation at Court he could scarcely pronounce a more finished eulogium; motion without noise. I wish the maid-of-all-work where I lodge would make the Owl her model.

Let us look at the moral qualities of the Owl. Yarrell states that "Owls have been noticed for an extraordinary attachment to their young;" and Dr. Stanley, the late Bishop of Norwich, records a very interesting anecdote of a pair of old birds that carried dead game every night to one of their little ones which had been captured. To act up to the duties of a parent is what many of

"us youth" would like our fathers and mothers to do more frequently; we don't ask them for dead game, except when we want to give a dinner-party—but only for a handsome cheque now and then, just to keep us—we will say—going. Connubial felicity is another marked feature of the Owl's domestic life. Observe him as he sits beside his mate, and note her conduct also: is there anything like bickering between them? They nestle as closely to each other as possible, and silently enjoy each other's society, except at those moments when, the moon shining brightly on the ivied tower, they alternately indulge in song. How provident, also, is the Owl! Aldrovandus says, it purveys well for its young, and so plentifully that, a person being in the neighborhood of the nest of them, may be supplied therefrom with dainties, such as leverets and rabbits, and yet leave enough to satisfy the young birds. There is no better sign of good housekeeping than that of having a well-stocked larder. Pennant alludes to the same liberal thrift, observing that, when satisfied, the Owl hides (that is to say, carefully puts by) the remainder of its meat, like a dog. The fact of the Owl's utility is of old date. Dale, the historian of Norwich, states that in the year 1580, at Hallowtide, an army of mice so overran the marshes near South Minster, that they ate up the grass to the very roots; but at length a great number of Strange Painted Owls came and devoured all the mice. What the appearance of the skies is to the shepherd, the voice of the owl conveys to the thoughtful observer after dark. Willsford, in his *Nature's Secrets*, says:—"Owls whooping after sunset and in the night foreshows a fair day to ensue; but if she names herself in French (Huet) expect then fickle and inconstant weather, but most usually rain." Of the regularity of the habits of the Owl, take this in proof: "The cry of the Scops-eared owl (*Strix Scops*)" says Yarell, "is *kew, kew*—whence its Florentine name, *Chiù*—perpetual through the night at regular intervals of two seconds, as regular as the ticking of a clock." Here we have conclusive evidence of a number of estimable qualities possessed by the Owl: he is a kind father, an affectionate husband, a generous and yet a frugal steward, an admirable barometer, a watchman fit to be numbered A 1 in the metropolitan police; and, to sum up all, a benefactor (in the matter of mice) to

the whole agricultural community. There are great ones on this earth who have failed to merit such eulogy. The owl's disposition, too, is the very reverse of gloomy and morose, as Pliny and his followers would have it. Let us first hear what some of these prejudiced fellows say. The Romans, easily led by the nose, went so far as to make their city undergo a lustration on one occasion because a *Bubo maximus* (the great horned owl), called by Pliny, spitefully, *B. funebris*, and *Noctis monstrosum*, accidentally strayed into the Capitol. Butler alludes to this accident in *Hudibras*, where he says:

"The Roman senate, when within  
The city walls an owl was seen,  
Did cause their clergy with lustrations  
(Our synod calls humiliations)  
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert  
From doing town and country hurt."

This shows a bad feeling in the outset, and the poets—whose true mission is peace and good will, not the excitement of animosity without cause—did their best to increase it. Virgil and Ovid are conspicuous for their ungentlemanlike statements with respect to the Owl. The Negropontine exile in his *Fasti* is particularly abusive, and accuses them of flying about at night and carrying off children from their nurse's arms, and making very charnel houses of the palace courts of the city. It is to this absurd and malicious statement, no doubt, that Pennant alludes when he tells us that "the ancients believed that it (the owl) sucked the blood of young children." To the surprise and regret of every enlightened reader the same naturalist goes on to observe: "a fact not incredible" (he ought to have shown that it was a fact), "for Hasselquist describes a species found in Syria, which frequently in the evening flies in at the windows and destroys the helpless infants."

Neither can I acquit the very first poets of our own country from something very like ill-will towards Owls, in heedlessly adopting the popular prejudice respecting the ill-luck which their appearance is absurdly said to announce. Chaucer, in his "Assembly of Foules," says:

"The jelous Swan, ayenst hys deth that singeth,  
The Owle eke, that of deth the bode bringeth."

Nor is Spenser a whit more civil—or truthful:

"The rueful Stritch still waiting on the beere,  
The whistler shrill, that whoso hears doth  
die."

The author of the *Faëry Queen* has a fling at  
the bird of night in another place :

"The ill-faced owle, death's dreadful messen-  
ger."

Why ill-faced? Can anything equal the lus-  
trous splendor of the owl's eyes? What is  
more neatly arranged than his plumage?  
Has any bird greater benignity of counte-  
nance?

Marston, in Antonio and Mellida (1633),  
ominously associates the owl with strange  
company :

" 'T is yet dead night, yet all the earth is cloucht  
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleepe :  
No breath disturbs the quiet of the aire,  
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,  
Save howling dogs, night crows, and screech-  
ing owles,  
Save meager ghosts, Piero, and blacke  
thoughts."

And another dramatist, in a play which, I am  
happy to say, does not keep its ground on the  
stage, observes :

"When screech owls croak upon the chimney  
tops,  
It's certain then you of a corse shall hear."

No doubt of it—when you do hear a screech  
owl croak.

The worst of which you can, with any  
show of reason, accuse the owl—and this  
by no means applies to the whole family—is  
a disposition to loneliness; but who can object  
to that, when, as the Persian poet Almocadessi  
says, "The owl retires from the world know-  
ing the vanity of its enjoyments, and dedi-  
cates herself to the contemplation of Divine

Wisdom, abandoning all beside"? How  
many men are there, of our own acquaintance,  
who habitually seclude themselves, whom we  
know to be excellent fellows at heart, and  
the very opposite to surly and disagreeable?  
But there is an osteological fact, a token from  
the hand of Nature, which at once sweeps  
away all the calumnious rubbish about the  
inherent tendency of the owl to melancholy.  
Just examine his skeleton, or, if you can be  
so brutal as to roast him, pick his bones: his  
merry thought will convince you of his natu-  
rally jovial disposition. What is called the  
screech of the owl is, to any one who has  
observed the habits of toppers, a proof that he  
is accustomed to take a good deal of liquor;  
and his snoring—a thing well attested—is  
a corroborative sign. On this point, Mr.  
Mike Goldthred, the dainty mercer of Cum-  
nor, furnishes incontrovertible testimony, and  
if the song in which he bestows his blessing  
upon the jolly Owl were not too familiar to  
every reader, I would give it here at full  
length. Shakspeare, too, who now makes  
amends for Lady Macbeth's mistake, and one  
or two expressions made use of by his heroes,  
when in dismal circumstances, is loud in  
praise of the owl's character at the dreari-  
est period of the year. Only read over that  
poetical dialogue prepared for the edification  
of the French Court by the renowned Don  
Adrian de Armado, wherein the personage  
who represents Hyems sings as follows :

"When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To who?  
To whitt! To who!—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

If you have not here the picture of a cheer-  
ful fowl I know not where it is to be found.

WHEN WILL THE TURKS BE DRIVEN OUT OF  
EUROPE?—The admirers of Addison will re-  
member one of his most humorous papers in *The  
Tatler* (No. 155), in which he describes his in-  
terview in St. James' Park with a great poli-  
tician, in the form of a decayed upholsterer.  
The topics discussed on that occasion curiously  
resemble those now agitating the public mind :

"The chief politician of the bench was a great  
assertor of paradoxes. He told us, with a seem-  
ing concern, that by some news he had lately  
read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that  
there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea,  
which might in time do hurt to the naval forces  
of this nation. To this he added, that, for his

part, he did not wish to see the Turk driven out  
of Europe, which he believed could not but be  
prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He  
then told us, that he looked upon those extra-  
ordinary revolutions which had lately happened  
in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly  
from two persons, who were not much talked  
of; 'and these,' says he, 'are Prince Menzikoff  
and the Duchess of Mirandola.'"

Thus we see that, nearly a century and a half  
ago, the very bugbear existed which flourishes  
in our day. May we not hope that, a hundred  
years hence, it will still be matter of speculation  
"when the Great Turk will be driven out of  
Europe"?—*Notes and Queries.*



From Household Words.

## AN ORDEAL.

## CHAPTER I.

THE fire burnt cheerily, throwing a ruddy light over the walls of the little room, with its one or two prints in simple frames, its hanging book-shelf, and its ebony clock. The round-table was drawn close to the fire, and on it the tea-things glistened, and the lamp stood ready for lighting. Agnes Ross sat with her feet on the fender, knitting by fire-light, expecting, not waiting—he was always too punctual for that—to hear her brother's step outside, and the familiar click of his key in the street-door, as he let himself in. It was a London lodging, in one of those quiet streets that appear like the very strongholds of dreariness and discomfort; but, for all that, it was a home, and looked like a home, too, to the orphaned brother and sister.

That was his step! Agnes rose quickly, set on the kettle, and lit the lamp. Then, with an air of careful pride, she took from the mantle-shelf a glass jar in which was a bouquet of glowing, beautiful, green-house flowers, rich with aromatic fragrance. It seemed strange on the table where she placed it, surrounded by the homely ware of the tea-service. The bunch of winter-violets, which she removed to make room for the others, had been far more appropriate. But Agnes' face shone as she looked on her floral treasures, and then watched for her brother's expression as he saw them.

He did see them, as he came into the room. He paused—then shut the door—then smiled back in answer to his sister's delighted glance.

"Yes, Leonard. What do you think of this?"

She held them up, glass jar and all, for admiration. "Where do you think these came from?"

The young man did not answer at first. He took the flowers from her hand, looked at them, breathed in their fragrance for a minute, then put them down again. The flush of pleasure soon passed from his thoughtful face. He sat down, looking even grave.

"Who do you think brought them?" persisted Agnes, changing the form of question.

"I can guess," he answered. A very brief pause; then he added, "Miss Bellew has been to see you. She said she would. How do you like her?"

"Very, very much," cried Agnes, enthusiastically. "How beautiful she is, Leonard. You told me she was, but you did not say half enough. And so gentle, and kind, and sweet. I fancied she was proud."

"So she is," Leonard said quickly; "but with a pride too lofty to show itself to those below her in wealth and position." He moved to take from his sister's hands the kettle she was lifting. Tea-making engrossed her attention for a little while, but she soon returned to the former theme.

"She sat and talked; pleasant, friendly chat; for nearly an hour. I showed her my drawings, and yours, afterwards. She praised mine very much, but I think she would not venture to praise yours. I showed her our old house and the views all about, that you took."

"Little simpleton! To suppose every one as interested in the dear old place as ourselves."

"I am sure she was interested, Leonard. Of course, not as we are, but still very much. Is it likely she would not be, knowing you? Then I showed her your German drawings. She found out for herself that Swiss view hanging by the window, and liked it. Generally, I hate to hear people praise your drawings or yourself, even. But I would allow Miss Bellew to praise both."

"Gracious permission! Now, terrible autocrat, give me my tea. It is the bleakest of November nights, outside. In this cosy little nest we feel nothing of it. Cosy little nest: dear little bird in the nest."

But, in spite of his gay, loving tone, he seemed more than usually tired this evening. The dark hair fell carelessly, even rudely, over his forehead—the calm forehead that his little sister was so proud of. She smoothed away the vagrant locks; her cool fingers were very sweet, welcome visitants to his hot brow.

"Does your head ache, Leonard?"

"A little."

"And I have been chattering away so thoughtlessly. Drink your tea, brother, and keep quiet. I will be as still as a mouse."

"No need, Agnes. I am only tired; that's all. It has been rather a busy day. Mr. Bellew had some involved accounts from a Dresden house, which I had to go through, because I know German. And—it was more fatiguing than reading Schiller."

"Yes, indeed!" Agnes said seriously. She sat on her little chair; and, supporting her chin with her hand, gazed meditatively into the fire.

"But, for all that, it was pleasant enough;" pursued Leonard, cheerfully—"pleasant to be able to render a special service to my master."

"Your master!" Scornfully curled the red lip. But the pride of even a good woman often flies nearer the ground than that of a good man. Leonard smiled.

"Do not disown the word, nor the fact,

my birdie. It is no shame to be a servant — or a servant I should not be."

Agnes broke forth anew with earnestness, even to tears.

"O Leonard! Don't be angry: I mean, don't be vexed with me for feeling; feeling it so hard that I should be the cause of all."

"The cause of all? Of what?"

"Of your being in this position. If it had not been for me, you would have gone to India, as our uncle wished; and you would have made your fortune, and come back to England while you were young; and you would have married, and been happy."

She stopped at length her rapid, passionate utterance. Leonard then spoke gently.

"Happy! My little sister, what is it that you call happiness?"

"O, I know — I know, with you duty is always happiness."

"Not always; not often, I am afraid, to this restless, erring humanity which is so strong within all of us. But, Agnes, there was no war between duty and inclination in my case. If it had not been simply right to stay at home, and be a brother otherwise than in name to my sister, I might have done it from pure selfishness. Next spring, you know, when I lose my little sister, I may yet go to India."

"O Leonard!"

"O Agnes!" He laughed at her the pleasant laugh of one who loves too truly to be less than tender over the foibles of the beloved. "All this time, while you are eloquent and unreasonable, my tea is getting cold, and so is yours."

Agnes turned slowly round to the tea-table. Her face, in its intent thoughtfulness, looked like her brother's for the time, though she was a youthful-hearted woman of four-and-twenty, and he a man of thirty: old-looking for his years.

"But, for all that" — she again plunged into the forbidden subject — "I am not convinced, brother."

"Not convinced of what?"

"That you would not have been happier, making your way abroad. It was such a prospect!"

"Spoken like a man of business. But life has other phases than commerce. I was never meant to be a homeless seeker for fortune. I crave more nourishment for heart and mind. As for riches and luxury, I want none of them. I never used to wish for them: I never will!"

His tone grew determined. Agnes looked up surprised, but more persuaded.

"And you are really happy here, and thus?"

"Happier than I could be anywhere else in the wide world," he answered, with a

fervor that sent the color to his cheek, the light to his eyes. His sister looked up into his face, and was satisfied.

The table cleared, Agnes was soon at work. But before Leonard unclosed Shakespeare to finish *The Tempest*, commenced the previous evening, the girlish, busy tongue began again on the fruitful theme with which their evening talk had commenced.

"Brother, Miss Bellew invited me to go and see her."

"Did she? Very naturally."

"What sort of a house is it?"

"Their villa is a perfect palace of taste and luxury. You were never in such a grand house in your life, Agnes. Mr. Bellew is one of our merchant princes, you know. He likes magnificence, and his house" —

"It is about Mr. Bellew I want to know, not his house. Is he a nice man?"

"Nice is such a young lady's word, I am afraid of venturing in its way. He is a handsome old man, to begin with. His face expresses the qualities I have always found in him — honor, integrity, straightforward truthfulness, perseverance, pride, and inflexible, inexorable will."

"I know what he is like, very well. Is Miss Bellew an only child?"

"She has a brother; a boy of fourteen; and two little sisters, born when her mother died."

"And she is a mother to them?"

"Almost," said Leonard, temperately. "She is very good — very loving and tender over them. Her mother left them in her charge. She fulfils it sacredly."

"And they all love her dearly?"

"I believe so: the little girls do, at least. Master Alfred is, I should think, rather difficult to deal with. His father has spoiled him ever since he was born."

"And neglects — or at least, thinks little of his daughters?"

"Not so fast. Rosamond, Miss Bellew, is the very apple of her father's eye."

"Is she?" said Agnes, thoughtfully.

Leonard opened his book, and began turning over the pages.

"And her name is Rosamond," she pursued, still musing, her work lying idle in her lap. "Rosa mundi, Rose of the world."

"Even so," said Leonard, gently, "Rose of the World." He repeated the words softly, dreamily, as he turned over more pages, and finally settled his volume and himself for reading. Then his voice became cadenced to a clear and equable music, as he began:

"There be some sports are painful; but their labor  
Delight in them sets off."

## CHAPTER II.

A WEEK afterwards, Agnes went to spend the day with Miss Bellew. It was looked forward to, thought about, counted upon. It proved one of those rare occasions when the anticipated pleasure falls even short of its reality. At least, so Agnes thought, when, after a long day that had seemed short, of talk and music, books and work, she and Miss Bellew and the children sat at evening in the drawing-room, with Mr. Bellew asleep in his arm-chair. The two little girls were at their sister's feet, absorbed in a fairy tale. Master Alfred was equally well amused by some boyish piece of science which his father had brought him that evening. Rosamond and Agnes sat side by side on the sofa. The night was bleak—rain falling, and gusts of wind sobbing, which reached their ears even in their curtained and cushioned splendor of ease.

"My brother will be here soon," said Agnes.

"Yes. It is a wild night for him to come so far."

"O! he does not mind wild weather. He even likes it. At home, he often used to go out in the midst of storm and wind, to help the fishermen draw up their boats on the shore. Once he went out in a little boat to save the people out of a wreck."

"Did he?"

A silence. Curiously enough, this theme of Leonard was a new one between the two girls, although to one of them, at least, of ever-present interest.

"You must have loved your home very much," said Miss Bellew presently.

"We did—especially Leonard. He looked as I never saw him look before nor since, when we drove away from the gate of our house, and through the village. It was such a happy home. Perhaps, one day, we may yet have it again."

"You and your brother?"

"Yes; or Leonard, at least. I know he hopes for it, thinks of it, determines"—

But here Agnes stopped, suddenly conscious how unwittingly confidential she had become with her new friend. She looked up, and Rosamond's eyes met her own. Miss Bellew's was a face that looked too proud for a woman's, until she smiled or spoke; then the curves of her mouth relaxed into a graciousness that made her whole countenance radiant and beautiful. Now the face was softened into absolute sweetness. Agnes thought it so lovely at that moment, she could not choose but look at it; she could not choose but feel it familiar, and her confidence no longer seemed unnatural. Nevertheless, she paused.

"You are not afraid of talking to me?"

said Rosamond, simply. "Tell me more of your old home. I know you must like to talk of it, and I like to listen."

And so Agnes went on talking, and Rosamond listened.

It was natural that the sister should insensibly slide back to the subject of her brother. Agnes found herself telling Miss Bellew of all the circumstances of their position. True, none needed to be kept secret, and most of them Rosamond might already have learned from her father. Perhaps she had. However that might be, she kept very still, while Agnes told her how the failure of a bank soon after their father's death had ruined them, and how at first Leonard had tried to support his mother and sister in their old home by teaching in the neighborhood.

"But our mother died; and, soon after, an old friend of my father's offered Leonard employment in translating, if he would come and live in London. So we left the old place, and went to live in London lodgings."

"It must have been a sad change."

"In many respects it was. And then our rich uncle Fellows wrote to offer Leonard a share in some great Indian concern of his. He had been unfriendly with the family for years, but now he wrote. And when Leonard declined, he sent back an angry letter, renouncing all connection with him forever."

"Your brother declined?"

"Yes. Shall I tell you why? You guess—he would not leave me. We two were alone in the world then. I feel ungrateful sometimes."

She paused, blushing.

"Perhaps, when I am married, Leonard may go"—

"To India?"

"Yes. I often fancy he thinks of it. If it had not been for me, he might have made his fortune there by this time. His useless, troublesome sister, who now, after all, will leave him!" sighed Agnes, with a pensive look in her brown eyes.

"You are to be married, then? Soon?"

"In the spring, when his ship is expected home. He is a sailor," added she, with a girlish flush and a rapid glance at her companion.

"Is he? And will he have to go to sea again after you are married—to leave you?"

"No, indeed. I shall go with him wherever he goes. No need—no right—no reason that I should ever leave him when I am his wife!" cried Agnes. "That is the happiness!"

Again she paused with a bright blush. Again Rosamond's eyes perused her face with a kind of tender exultation in what she read there. Her lips parted, as if to speak, but

she checked the impulse, and sat mute; her head a little drooped, her hands lightly clasped upon her lap—musing, most likely.

Leonard's eyes first fell on that fair picture as he entered the room; for the door opened noiselessly—as all doors were educated to do in that house—and he stood before them before they were aware. Both the girls started: both blushed. Agnes smiled gladly on seeing her brother. Rosamond moved away to awaken her father.

Mr. Bellew became conversational. The children were summoned to bed, and tea-time arrived.

Rosamond presided over the tea-table. It was pleasant to see her at its duties, all the surrounding appointments being, after their several ways, in graceful, delicate, and refined harmony with herself. She said little, even to Agnes, who sat by her side. She appeared entirely intent on the office before her: only an occasional lighting up of the dark eyes, a radiant flow of color to the transparent cheek, betrayed that she listened to the animated discourse between the two gentlemen. Mr. Bellew liked talking with his clerk; he was too clever himself not to value intellect in another; and it was not the first agreeable evening he had owed to the society of Leonard Ross. The old gentleman was intelligent, cultivated, in a certain sense, and sagacious. All his most genial characteristics came out on such occasions. He paid studious little courtesies to Agnes; he was kind and friendly beyond kindness to Leonard. As he leaned back in his velvet chair, his fine head with its white hair, his clear blue eyes, his well-cut features, made a pleasant picture of flourishing old age. All the harsher points were lost, which sometimes made his hale countenance stern and hard of aspect, even to cruelty.

Agnes had thought of him even with affection; and of Rosamond her appreciation had been warm even to enthusiasm. "Had been," for things were changing now, and the joy of the time seemed slipping away from Leonard's sister. The graceful luxury of the surroundings satisfied her taste, attracted her fancy, as before. Rosamond sat fair and brilliant, like a star shining in the midst of a cloud, or a diamond set in snow—as Agnes had been thinking to herself. Leonard was there, too. All was warmth; glowing, generous, cordial warmth. Yet Agnes felt chilled, and was no longer at peace.

The evening went by, and the time of departure drew near. Rosamond took Agnes to her room. That exquisite little dressing-room had delighted Agnes a few hours before. The rose-pink hangings; the mirrors with their marble consoles; the statuettes, and

pictures, and flowers, and porcelain; the birds in their cages; the jewels and trinkets; the rare and costly trifles tossed lavishly about—all this had pleased simple Agnes to see. Now, she marked the incongruity of her own homely bonnet and cloak as they lay on the embroidered couch. Also, for the first time, she noted the contrast between herself and her hostess as they were both reflected in one of the long glasses.

Rosamond took her hand.

"Let us be friends," she said, with a certain hesitating timidity, very unusual to Miss Bellew.

A little while before Agnes would have responded warmly, lovingly. Now, instinctively she shrunk back. But her next impulse forbade her to risk the chance of giving pain.

"I hope so," she answered with gentleness.

Rosamond kissed her, and she returned the kiss.

Down the soft-carpeted staircase into the chastened glow of the drawing-room again, with its purple and its gold, and its grandeur that was lost in the refinement and grace that reigned over all. Good-night to the courtly, white-haired gentleman who stood by the hearth; good-night to the queen of the palace—the fairy of the enchanted castle—the lily of the beautiful garden. Rosamond looked like all these as she gave her hand, first to Agnes, then to Leonard. He touched it; glanced, not looked into her face, and turned to answer some casual inquiry of Mr. Bellew. The bell rang, the servant waited; the brother and sister descended the staircase. At its foot they were arrested by Rosamond's voice.

"Stay, Miss Ross! Agnes! you have forgotten your flowers."

She came flying down to them, holding the beautiful camellias and geraniums clasped to her breast. Leonard stood nearest to her; and before his will could rise to control it, his impulse—passionate, imperious, overwhelming—had commanded him to stretch out his hand. He took the flowers. He looked at her; and, for a single instant, she looked at him.

There was no second good-night. Agnes twined her arm within her brother's. They were out in the cold, blank, silent night.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE brother and sister walked rapidly. The rain had ceased, but a damp mist hung over everything. The houses looked like great, gaunt shadows; the street-lamps flared with a sickly, lurid light; the park they had to cross was a dreary wilderness, haunted with strange shapes; for tree and gate and



fence looked ghostly in the vaporous air. Agnes shivered; her brother drew her closer to his side.

"Are you cold?" he asked anxiously. They were the first words he had spoken since they left the house.

"No; not cold."

A pause.

"You have had a pleasant day?"

"It was very pleasant."

Another silence.

"How sweet these flowers are!"

Agnes caught them from his hand.

"I should like to throw them away!" she said, passionately.

Leonard gently reclaimed them, saying nothing. He did not inquire the reason of his sister's sudden emotion; although it had left her trembling, and, once or twice, a brief strong sob escaped from her. He said nothing.

The narrow, dismal street was reached at last. They re-entered their home. The fire shone with a subdued glow; two or three books lay on the table, Agnes' work-basket, and the glass of flowers. Leonard lit the lamp, his sister sat on the little sofa, and took up a letter which had arrived in their absence. But he only handled it mechanically; looked at it with eyes whose vision seemed inverted. A strange expression was on his face; such as even his sister had never seen there before. It was not the look she had expected—had dreaded to see. That she could have interpreted; but this was in a language of which she held no key. He took up the glowing flowers he had brought with him, he regarded them long with deep, thoughtful eyes. Agnes sprang to him.

"O! put them away—put them away!"

He looked into her face. Her pleading, anguished look forced down the calm front with which he strove to meet it. So he only took her in his arms, and gently pressed her head against his shoulder, blinding the entreating eyes that saw too much. Presently, in a quiet voice, he said,—

"Yes, Agnes. I will put them away."

In a changed tone, presently, he added:

"You are tired, and it is late. We will not sit up longer."

"O brother, brother! you are cruel to me."

"Am I? Do I pain you—have I pained you, my poor birdie?"

"Is it no pain to see you suffering; to know you miserable; and to be told no more?" she cried with the vehemence of her quick, impatient nature.

He did not answer.

"I thought I knew my brother's heart," she went on, "even as he knew mine. But I was wrong—wrong. From the time we

were little children I thought we had shared every trouble, every difficulty, every trial. I was proud, glad to think it. But you have been in sorrow and I never knew; you are unhappy now, and you try to put me off with vague words."

"Agnes! You are not right in this reproach. The confidence you claim ought not to have been yours. Simple honesty would have held me dumb, if other feelings had been insufficient. I had no right to indulge in the luxury of sympathy. I will not have it now. I do not need it. Miserable I have not been: for I have done no wrong. No, sister, nor will I do wrong."—he pushed her gently from him,—his color rose, his voice took a new tone,—  
"although I love her! I love her," he said, "with all my strength; with all the yearning of my soul; although I am the one who loves her and will love the truest—deepest—best; although all the world love her too."

He stopped abruptly, seated himself, and shaded his face with his hand.

"You have heard," he said, almost sternly; "you have your wish now. You know your brother's heart. If I hid it from you before it was not from shame. I am not ashamed of loving Rosamond Bellew. I will carry my love for her with my hope for heaven, to the grave; pure and spotless, God helping me. And the life he gave me shall not be less worthy, even if it be less happy, because of the love."

"O, brother, brother!" Agnes sobbed, clinging round his neck, "I cannot bear it; I, that am so happy, to see you suffer."

"My child, I know it is hard," he said, tenderly; "God bless you for the love that makes it so."

"Every day, every time you see her, that you go there"

"I know. Therefore, when my little bird leaves me for her own happy nest next spring, I shall go."

"Where?"

"Abroad somewhere. I shall easily settle where. In the mean time, I shall not go there again." His glance unconsciously caught the flowers that lay near him for a single instant. He rose resolutely.

"Now, remember, no word henceforward." He kissed her fondly, then led her gently, but irresistibly, to the door.

"You must go to bed now. Good-night, sister."

"Good-night, brother." But she lingered yet a few minutes—then she went.

Left alone, Leonard Ross stood beside the fire-place, leaning his head against the high mantelpiece. His hands clasped themselves together very tightly; the one instinctive, unconscious demonstration of rending pain.

It was a new pain, and one so mingled with sweetness that it defied him to put it away. For a brief space he had tasted of a joy most exquisite; — for once at least his life had risen to full tide, and joy had crowned it with a crest of light. There is no man who loves, and sees for the first time the answering electric look, which at a flash shows him a new world radiant and glorious; into which he alone may enter; over which he alone holds sovereignty — there is no man, beholding this, but would feel the rapture of the new joy. Leonard had tasted of the ecstasy; now came the recoil. The gate of the dream-land had closed upon him, and he stood in the cold, gray, outside world again.

In that gray reality, truths now made themselves harshly felt. That he was not alone in this love, that it was requited, soon ceased to be a thought of sweetness; it aggravated to torture, it lashed even to fierceness. For the first time the cry of his soul was, "It is more than I can bear."

Such strife, such struggle it is for no earthly hand to record. Let no man be ashamed if, in his calmer latter days, he look back to some such episode in his early life. Over it, be sure, angel eyes have watched with divine compassion for the suffering, divine exaltation in the victory.

In the morning Agnes came down, with looks well tutored into cheerfulness. Her brother stood by the window, an open letter in his hand. He was very pale, she thought to herself. He kissed her as usual, then held her hand still.

"Agnes," said he, in a low voice, "I have only now just opened this letter."

"It was here last night. O Leonard, no bad news?"

"Uncle Fellows is dead."

"Dead — Uncle Fellows!" A sudden flash of thought made her heart beat quickly, almost to suffocation. She looked up in her brother's face.

"There is no will, and I am the heir at law."

#### CHAPTER IV.

A fortnight had gone by. What a wondrous time was this! What a wondrous world revolved within the circle of the old one! New life — new air — new warmth, light, and lustre. Although the days were shortening towards the year's end, and sullen clouds hid constantly the vault of heaven, and sunshine came not through, and earth grew cold in the shadow.

Leonard Ross was betrothed to Rosamond Bellow. Her father was surprised, at first: — acute perceptions do not always accompany a shrewd intellect, and the merchant

might have gone on not seeing that which was before his eyes, to the end of his days. He was surprised, and at first, scarcely pleased, perhaps. His clerk suddenly transformed into a millionaire was an idea that he could not at once get accustomed to. That the millionaire should become his son-in-law was more easy of acceptance. Still it was all very strange. He was confounded, too, by his daughter's frank, almost proud, avowal of her love for Leonard. Of course, no objections could be urged: he gave his consent. But it was some time before he grew easy under the new state of things. It was curious; puzzling; perplexing, he thought, that Leonard Ross should be a rich man — able to marry his daughter.

To Rosamond and Leonard it never seemed strange or new. They were very happy. That golden fortnight had held for them riches enough to dower many a long life. Existence is more evenly balanced than we think. Perhaps we all drink nectar sometimes; only to some it comes drop by drop, sweetening the daily draught; while others quaff it from the full goblet in one draught, and live, thereafter, on the remembered glory.

At the fortnight's end Leonard was to go down to Blishford, the large town near which his property lay, and where his uncle had died, to take possession of the estate, and to arrange various legal matters in connection, not only with it, but with his approaching marriage. Two weddings would take place early in the spring. Agnes was to be claimed by her sailor lover, who would then return from the West Indies, and Rosamond and Leonard were to be married at the same time. The fond dream of many, many years was to be realized; and the birthplace of Leonard was to be the dear home to which he would take his bride. He described it to her, again and again, and sketched faithful vignettes of well-remembered places on stray scraps of paper, all of which she kept and treasured as the costliest works of art. She listened, never tired — asking question upon question with the persistency of an interest that could never be exhausted, for it arose out of a depth of tenderness that could never be fathomed.

But — at the fortnight's end, Leonard was to go. The time came, and he went. Only for a week — a week would suffice for everything, and he was to be back at Christmas-time. It was scarcely like a parting, Rosamond said; although her lip quivered like a grieved child's, and her eyes shone through large tears she tried hard to conceal.

Nevertheless, whether at first or at last, separation brings with it the inevitable penalty of suffering, and love will not be

constrained into submission. So Rosamond ran into her little fairy bower and could not be won thence, even by Agnes; who, it had been planned, was to stay with her during Leonard's absence, and who would fain have soothed the passionate grief away.

Meanwhile Leonard pursued his journey; thoughts, memories, and hopes, thronging his brain: new feelings and old, stirring at his heart. Verily, there can be few things

"Sweeter than the dream  
Dreamed by a happy man."

Great resolves mixed themselves with those happy hopes; ardent yearnings for the future, yearnings in which self was the beginning but not the end of aspiration.

So he went on his way — through the long railway journey, to the great, looming, London-like town near which was his destination. Business, now, grows thick upon him — we may leave him for awhile:

We may leave him sitting in the old oak-panelled parlor, with its quaint furniture, its massive chairs and table, and carved bureau; the room that had been his uncle's study, and where, as the grave housekeeper informs him, her master transacted all his business. Large and various must that business have been. The management of the huge property, which chiefly consisted of houses in Blishford, was only part of it. He still kept up his connection with the merchant's house in Calcutta wherein he had originally made his fortune; he had large speculations afloat, grand schemes, even at the very time of his death — when paralysis cut short in one instant all the old man's hopes and ambitions forever. Leonard, during the days he passed in that old house, thought often with much marvelling as to the manner of man his unknown uncle had been. He asked many questions of the demure housekeeper.

"He was a hard gentleman, sir, though I say it. Many a time, in the bad winters, with fever about, and half Blishford a'most driven to famine, he's been begged of for money to help the poor; and he, out of all his wealth, would never give a fraction. And his poor tenants in some o' them miserable courts and places — where a body hardly likes to go, they're so foul and wretched — if in the worst of times they were backward with their rent, it fared sorely with them."

Leonard heard and mused within himself, gravely and sadly, for a long time, as he pursued his task of examining the papers, letters, deeds, and memoranda, which had been kept for the heir's arrival, with the lawyer's seal affixed upon the locks of the drawers which held them.

So, in the old oak-panelled parlor, with the bronze lamp shedding a flickering light on

the carved bureau, and the thoughtful face bent over it, with the firelight glowing in the wide grate, and the polished walls shining with a dark resplendence, — we leave him until to-morrow.

#### CHAPTER V.

A WINTRY night in the outskirts of London, snow on the ground; deep already, and deepening at every moment. The air is thick with large flakes that fall noiseless on road and pavement, on house roof and church steeple, on pillared porch and garden wall. It was bitterly cold. The snow that had fallen was not soft, but frozen into a cruel hardness. Footsteps left hardly any imprint in it, and the track of wheels and horses' hoofs that the day's traffic had left had been long since effaced, and no new vehicles came down the quiet district to renew them. Houses, houses, houses on all sides, but jealously closed: only a hall lamp shining at rare intervals through a fanlight. No cheerful glow came through crimson curtains, a generous contingent from some warm cosy nest to the bleak, bare, outside night. All without is silent, blank, chill. What is it *within* one of these "handsome houses, where the wealthy" City men and merchants dwell? For this is a suburb of "first-class villa residences."

Through the blinding snow, through the relentless biting cold, a gentleman who, having newly emerged from a neighboring omnibus, afforded a black relief to the unmitigated pallor of surrounding things, dashed on, very quickly and determinedly. His color was fast changing, however, first to iron gray, then to pepper and salt, and finally to salt by itself. He reached his destination, rang at the bell, as he entered by a wide gate into what, under its white masquerade dress, seemed to be a garden and shrubberies: then sprung up some steps, knocked loudly at a door whose massive oak and awful knobs even the snow had respected, and shook himself free from the cloudy flakes that covered him. One more look out into the forbidding night; one more instinctive shiver and shrinking from the rude gust that came, with snow for its ally, right in his face. Then the door flew open and he stepped in. The massive portal closed behind him. Where was the harsh night gone? What had become of the incarnate dreariness? the black vault above? the lurid desolation of the world below?

Here was a wide hall, well lit by two swinging lamps of painted glass, that looked like ripe summer fruits hanging from a garden wall; pictures rich and warm in color; and one or two statues. A fair white Welcome stood on one side, holding out her

hands and smiling with her lip, her eyes, her brow, with every curve of her gracious face and figure; and a Peace, not needing to smile, her look was so serene, with her arms folded purely over the book she held to her breast, and her olive-wreath changed for one of Christmas holly, red-berried, shining-leaved, that another hand than the sculptor's had placed there. Evergreens decked the walls, the picture-frames, the lamps; — and the fragrance of bay-leaves scented the warm air. The newly-arrived guest looked round; as if with dazzled eyes, he passed his hand across his brow, — while the servant relieved him of his hat and his cloak. And now, sound begins to add itself to the other accompaniments of the scene: a warm happy murmur of voices, through which, presently, a light, tremulous, girlish laugh is embroidered like a silver thread on crimson. And then some cunning hand evokes a passionate flood of sound from the pianoforte: it rises, it sinks, and swells, and rises again, and falls in tiny crystal droplets, and then ceases. For the dining-room door has been opened, and our sometime wayfarer in the snow has entered.

A large room, glowing warmly with crimson, and opening into a smaller one, beyond which again the faint light of a pendant lamp reveals a tiny conservatory. They are seated round the blazing fire in the first room, all but the one who stands by the piano — her white fingers yet poised over the ivory keys. A hale, handsome old man, two little girls nestling on the hearth-rug, very fairy princesses, of blue eyes, golden hair, and dainty apparel; an older boy poring over a book, and bright-faced Agnes Ross, her look alert and flashing, her whole countenance radiant and happy, seated on the sofa, the other place on which has been just vacated by Rosamond.

O, happiest Rosamond! She looked up and saw the figure standing in the doorway.

"Leonard! O, I knew it was you."

They gathered round him: his sister, with a fond embrace; the children, in much demonstrative glee; even slow-moving Mr. Bellew rose from his chair, and met him with outstretched hand.

"The train was late," he observed, as he seated himself. "Delayed one hour by the great snows." Agnes made Leonard take her place. He sat beside Rosamond on the sofa, and then his sister attacked him volubly with inquiries as to how he had travelled? was he tired? had he dined? But, the questions answered, he leaned back, glad to be silent, perhaps. The picture was complete. Laughing children, the sweep of soft, rich drapery, the pearl-like light of lamps, the cordial sound of the flaming fire, and the

sweet, luscious odors that stole in from the neighboring flowers: luxurious allurements and gratifications for the senses, refined and subtle as the tastes they wooed and won — all were here.

Leonard again passed his hand over his brow.

"Dearest, you are tired," whispered Rosamond, bending close to him in sweet, sudden anxiety. Her hand timidly touched his shoulder. He took it in his own, and looked at it; the fair, soft, little hand, the delicate wrist, well guarded by its outer sleeve of purple silk, and within that, drooping frills of finest lace, and a shining bracelet of gold, thickly set with emeralds, clasped about it, and ever and anon slipping up the round arm. Fair little hand!

Leonard looked at it; then at her sweet face, where a faint flush was gathering and fading, and then glowing again, like sun-rays upon snow. Then he looked round the room, and finally his gaze rested full on the face of Mr. Bellew, his host, and future father-in-law. No sign of weariness in Leonard now. There was even more than usual energy and vigor in his face; he rose erect in his seat, still holding the little hand in his, still gazing at the old merchant's placid, well-favored countenance.

"It is a bitter night outside," Leonard said. "It will be a hard winter."

"Hard winter, truly!" observed Mr. Bellew. "My horses fell three times this morning. At last I had to get out and walk a street's length to the counting-house. Have you had any adventures, Leonard?"

"Not of that kind," replied he, the faintest smile quivering at his mouth.

"No. But we look for something more stirring from you, who have been away ten days; in that romantic manufacturing district, too. How did you leave Blishford?"

"Cleaner than it had ever been in its life, I think, for the snow fell even faster than the dirt."

"All business satisfactorily settled?" Mr. Bellew asked, en passant.

"The business is settled."

"Come, come; you need n't blush, Rosamond!" said Mr. Bellew, who seemed genial even to jocularly on this occasion. "So much of the preliminaries over, then. Well — well — well. Miss Agnes, shall I give you this hand-screen."

The old gentleman bent forward, always studiously polite to his fair guest. It was curious to watch his grave face relax into a smile of stately, Grandisonian courtesy, while all the time the shrewd eyes shone, the inflexible mouth was firm and hard.

"Papa, papa!" cried one little fairy, who tumbled round on the hearth-rug — a tiny



bundle of azure silk and lace—with a rosy face beaming up in eager inquiry, “is it true, papa, is Rosamond to be married soon?”

“And will she go away?” chimed in the other, “and won’t she be our very own any more?”

Rosamond rose. She might be excused for seeking her work from a table in the inner room, pending the answer to these inquiries. But Leonard followed her—Leonard drew her yet further away—into the little conservatory, at one side of which Rosamond was accustomed to sit and read or write or work. Her little desk was there now; her chair stood beside it, and a white vase with a single crimson rose in it. She took this last in her hand, and examined it with great attention.

“It is for you,” she said, softly. “I have watched it budding day after day, and this very morning it opened. It knew you were coming, you see. I had taught it to know.”

“Shall we sit here awhile?” said Leonard. “I like this place. It is pleasant to be here.”

“And remember,” said she, “you have everything to tell me.”

He started. She smiled up at him, in the very overflowing of contentment.

“O, I have so much to hear!” she went on, gayly; “the history of ten days, the full, true, and particular history. You know it is of no use to attempt to satisfy me with less. So begin, do begin.”

She sat down, and he took his place beside her. Such a serene, sweet face was drooped from his gaze, such quivering happiness played about the rosy mouth. There was a brief silence: they could hear the children’s voices in the other room, and Agnes’ vivacious tones clear above the rest.

“She is telling them a story,” said Rosamond, “and I am going to hear my own special story—am I not?”

Leonard’s voice, steadfast and sustained, vibrated on the murmur of distant sound with special distinctness.

“Yes, darling, you shall be told.”

Something in the tone of his voice, an indefinite, indescribable something, smote Rosamond’s quick sense. The shy happiness faded from her face; she looked up with a swift, appealing glance—a sort of helpless deprecation of ill.

“Leonard! What is it?”

“I will tell you all, my Rosamond. My Rosamond,” he repeated fondly, with a quiet smile, that insensibly smoothed away, for the moment, the trouble in her face. He held her hand close, and began.

“You are to see me, then, going through that wonderful town, at once so rich and so

squalid—so magnificent and so miserable, with its thousands upon thousands of inhabitants mostly poor—many of them destitute—some even despairing. Through the dark, dismal streets, where all the falling snow was polluted by smoke and filth, and even through the frost the air was heavy and impure. Past miserable dwellings—hovels, where people seemed festering, not living; where I saw gaunt figures moving about with wretched faces, ashen-hued—with glaring eyes, and sunken, hollow cheeks. I saw their hungry, fierce looks as they passed me by—these creatures that want, and disease, and ignorance together seemed to have left scarcely human. Rosamond, my heart swelled as I saw them, and knew that the avarice and cold-heartedness of my uncle had helped to make them so. I thought that, in the days to come, life should hold better things for them, that I would repair the injuries—right the injustice that he had done.”

“Ah—your uncle’s property was in those miserable streets?”

“Chiefly.—I planned great benefactions, I imagined gigantic schemes of improvement. In my mind I looked on the same places—and the people in them ten years hence. I thought how we would work together to help them—minds and bodies.”

“And we will—we will!” cried Rosamond, with unconscious apprehension giving poignance to her tone.

“Ay, love, if it please God.” He stopped a little after those lowly-uttered words. Then he resumed.

“From thoughts, dreams, plans like these, I went back to Woolthorpe, the old house where my uncle lived his latter years, and died. I went back, thinking of these poor souls’ misery, which I was to alleviate through my great happiness. That was last night, darling. Last night, at this time, I was thinking to myself of this night’s joy of return.” He went on more rapidly. “And I set to work, tying up papers, arranging the deeds and parchments with which the old bureau was full, and which the lawyers and I had been busy over for many days. I had just finished; I was closing one of the small inner drawers, which slightly resisted the effort. I pressed it harder, and touched some secret spring, it seems, and a side drawer sprang open.”

“How strange!” said Rosamond.

“A paper lay there, carefully folded, not very long since written. I saw my uncle’s bold signature at the bottom of the page. I think I knew what it was before I opened it and read.” He paused an instant and drew breath. “It was my uncle’s will, which they had vainly sought, and could not find.”

"Yes—but—I do not understand"—She faltered, for she saw in his face ample interpretation of all the rest.

"It was a will in his own handwriting, dated a very few weeks before his death. A will, by which he leaves all his property in the charge of trustees for the benefit of charities in Blishford, and elsewhere; but especially to found institutions, hospitals, and asylums in that wretched town. You see, Rosamond, my schemes were anticipated. Remorse came to the poor old man, and a yearning to do something by his death that might alleviate the wretchedness he had helped to increase during his life! God knows the secrets of his heart; it was not all hard."

"But, you?"

"I and Agnes are mentioned in the will—five hundred pounds is left to each of us. Also enclosed with it was a letter to his former partner in Calcutta, recommending me to him. It was always his wish that I should go there."

"Leonard! don't speak in that manner! Leonard! Leonard!" She turned upon him her pale, agonised face. She caught his arm feebly, looking round with an imploring, searching look. "Wait a little; I cannot, cannot understand yet."

"Rosamond!"

"No, no," she cried hastily, "don't try to tell me."

He put his arm round her, but, in the action, his calmness fled from him. He leaned his head down on his hands; he hid his face. One sudden, passionate groan escaped him. Then was silence, through which they could hear Mr. Bellow's voice, grave, deliberate, and decided, and the children's musical treble blending with it. Twice Rosamond tried to speak, but the words died away, unuttered. A strange, almost fierce look, unnatural to see on her girlish face, quivered about every feature. At last she whispered:

"Will this separate us? Do you mean that?"

"Do I mean it?"

"Because," she went on, hurriedly, but still in a whisper, "if it is done, it will be done by you. There is no one else to do it; no one—no one else who could"—She stopped.

Leonard looked up. With her two little hands she clasped his brow so that he could not look at her. And the mutinous, half-frenzied look still grew, and grew.

"It is not right, it cannot be right," she said mechanically. "God could never intend"—

"Hush! Let us look steadily at our fate; let us meet it, since it must be met, submissively."

"What is our fate to be, then?" she asked, abruptly; "it is for you to decide."

He did not understand her meaning, though he thought he did.

"No, Rosamond, it is for neither you nor me to decide. It is already fixed."

"Does any one know of—of this will beside you?" she said, quickly.

"No one. The person who must first be informed lives in London. I shall go to him to-morrow."

"No!" she said, imperatively, and paused. "No," she said again, imploringly, frightened at Leonard's silence.

"Rosamond!"

"We—we could do all he wished," she whispered, while a burning spot rose on each cheek, "even as you planned before, before you found—. It would be no wrong done to any human being. Leonard, Leonard?"

He drew her closely to him, and kissed her forehead with a sad, tender pain expressed in his look.

"Leonard! O, speak to me!"

"Wait. Think a little."

"Think!" She broke from his arms, and looked up in his face in cold reproach. "Can you think of what is the issue of all this? Do you love me less entirely, then, than I love you? Anything, everything, is to me better, nobler, truer than that we should part. We! It is not one little month since we first learned to say that word. I had known it and uttered it in my heart, long, long before. I knew you must love me by the strength of my own love. I knew we were one. Heaven made us so.—Yet you would part us! You could bear to do it!"

"I could bear to do it," Leonard repeated slowly, looking at her, "because we are one."

She stretched out her arms in a sort of helpless, passionate appeal. Her hand touched the crimson rose, smiling in gorgeous fulness and completeness from its crystal vase. She looked at it for a minute, then—her face changed. The dilated eyes softened, the fiery spot faded from her cheek. The frantic passion was dying out. The first instinct of rebellion was yielding to the truer, purer, woman-nature. She bent her head down into her hands.

"We were so happy, so happy. God pity us!" she said; and the tears came plenteously and tenderly. And Leonard, in his soul, cried "God help us, strengthen us!" For he needed both help and strength. In a little while she knelt closely beside him, her head leaning on his breast, weeping out the passion that had burned so fiercely as to convulse the delicate frame wherein it flamed. Presently when Leonard spoke, his low voice seemed gradually to still the sobs. She

looked up—with the old sweet look, that for him her face had always worn. It almost struck down his courage to see it. With a flash came the thought of the coming life, life without *her*. What that meant to him, only his own heart could tell. For a brief space he wrestled with that heart. It was mutinous, it resisted the crushing fate that loomed heavy and dark before it. All the strong passion of his man's nature roused itself, and rebelled against the suffering. It fought fiercely, it struggled with desperate strength. It cried out against the weary years; the desolate cruel time that was coming. How often do we recoil thus from the time that is coming. Why do we not remember that we live in eternity, and so, be patient?

Some such thought came to Leonard, and helped to still the tumult. And Rosamond did not guess what had passed during those moments that he remained so still, — shading his face with his hand. She did not know all the meaning of the uplifted look with which he turned to her again. And he only said:

"Rosamond, my Rosamond! We will have courage." Then they heard the children calling them.

"I will not go back, in there," Rosamond said faintly. She laid her hand on the side-door that led into the corridor. But suddenly, she remembered—what it would be when next she saw him, and she shrunk back with a low cry.

He bent over her. He folded her in his arms. As a mother that yearns to her child, with a tenderness as pure, as sorrow as sacred, Leonard held his betrothed closely strained to his heart. Again he said, and with a kind of stern resolve, as to himself:

"We will have courage!"

Then he let her go.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Two months more, and Leonard Ross was on his way to India. He only waited for his sister's marriage. Then he went. There is little need to relate the history of those two months. For Rosamond they held much strife, struggle, and passionate but impotent resistance. It was Leonard who had to teach her what he, alas! needed all his strength of manhood to recognize with submission; that in patience and power of endurance lay their hope, and not in rebellious strivings against the inevitable. That it was inevitable they both felt, Leonard from the first, and Rosamond later; there was no possibility of tampering with the circumstances before them, unless by a dereliction from that straight path of truth and honor which had ever been the roadway of Leonard's life.

So, they parted. Parted, knowing in how full, and deep, and wide a sense of parting.

Agnes, married to her sailor-lover, would be wandering about the world for years to come, — that link of possible communication was broken. And Mr. Bellew, in the midst of his bland courtesy, contrived to take his measures decisively and surely. Very soon after the disclosure of what he called "the truly extraordinary circumstances of the case," he removed his household to an estate of his in Cornwall. He laid down no stringent rules, he impressed no stern commands; but with the quiet, cruel, cold shrewdness which ever went hand in hand with his indomitable will, he insured the absolute and entire cessation of all intercourse between his daughter and her lover. Rosamond, high-spirited and resolute as she was, could not combat with the experience and gentlemanly scheming that her father employed when he chose. Leonard was almost equally at fault; for, though he knew the character he had to cope with, it was only with the theoretical knowledge that the penetration of a good man has into the nature of a worldly and designing one.

Mr. Bellew gained credit for much magnanimity in permitting Leonard to write once, once only, before he left England. The letter was written, but it never reached her. She saw that the ship had sailed in which she knew he was to go. She even heard of his embarkation from poor Agnes, bridal Agnes; torn between conflicting joy and grief, the union with her lover, and the parting with her brother.

After that, a blank. The grave itself, it seemed, could not have divided them more surely.

In the solitude of the wild sea-shore, with her little sisters for her companions, Rosamond learned acquaintance with the face of her sorrow. There the quiet capacity to endure, grew and waxed stronger upon the ashes of the fiery emotions which had at first spent her strength. Leonard had said, in almost the last words his voice had borne to her:

"Have no fear. We can bear it."

Nevertheless, there were seasons of exquisite pain — of ineffable weariness and desolation, when the face of Consolation was hid from her, and the presence of Peace was no longer with her. Seasons of doubt, of self-upbraidings, when she could fain have called herself traitress to the great truth of her life; and in bitterness and scorn looked on the submission which she had learned so hardly. But one doubt never came to her — the cruellest, the worst pang was spared. Next to her trust in Heaven was her faith in Leonard. After all, she who loves thus is happy.

Meanwhile, there came many suitors to

Miss Bellow, and even when her youthful radiance had faded, as it did fade sooner than it should have done, many came. And her father chafed wrathfully at the whimsical obstinacy of woman-nature, but nodded his head wisely the while, saying, "In time — O, in time!"

At length, one strange, wonderful day, there came to Rosamond a letter. Leonard wrote, openly and with no attempt at disguise — it was singular that, so sent, the letter ever reached her. But it came — she had it, this absolute, tangible, visible thought from him to her. Only a few words — but there could be no more to Rosamond than they held for her. He said — "Tell Mr. Bellow I have written. I do not seek to deceive him, as you know, my Rosamond. But I must write, I will write. Something must go from me that your eyes will look on, that your heart will receive. Soul to soul we are together, but while we live otherwise than in the soul, we crave for more, and the humanity is strong within me, and cries loudly." Little more than this — but it was enough. It lit her life for many, many months. Moreover, she wrote back openly, as he had done, and never knew that Mr. Bellow, grown more cautious and acute, for his former negligence, did not suffer the letter to go. More than once in the years that followed, letters were intercepted by the watchful, inexorable old man. Rosamond never knew — never suspected.

So the years went on. The two little girls grew up, and, one after the other, the elder sister saw them leave her. Her brother was at the head of the great mercantile house of Bellow, and at last the old merchant retired with his eldest daughter to an estate he had lately purchased, and which he had settled on Rosamond. There the old man lingered out his remaining days, and there he died, nine years after Leonard Ross had left England for India.

Then Rosamond was alone. She lived a very quiet, solitary life, only different from what it had been before her father's death, inasmuch as, her close and devoted attention to him being remitted, she had more time to give to the charities and other beautiful and womanly duties with which her life was lustrous. The Lady of the Manor was like a good angel to the poor, the ignorant, and the suffering around her. The appearance of the tall, slender figure, with its gentle, gliding dignity of movement, and the drooped face, so sweet and pale and thoughtful, was a signal of help and consolation to many an aching heart in the village and about the country where she lived.

Thus it was one day early in January, such a day as comes sometimes in mid-winter like

a thought of childhood to an old man; telling wondrous tidings of the far-away spring that is, — though we see it not, — and that will surely come to us again. It was evening, and the sun was near to his setting: great purple clouds hung about him, and fragments of them, as of a rent robe, were scattered over the clear sky. The wide landscape seemed to tremble in the amber light that was shed across it from the west; the leafless branches of the trees were traced, intensely black, against the golden horizon, while groves of dark and heavy-foliaged firs opposed their rounded masses of shadow to the lustrous heaven, and would not draw in any of the radiance with which the world was overflowing.

Nestling among the abrupt hills and wild breaks of moorland, lay the park and manor-house where Rosamond Bellow lived. The greensward sloped to a broad stream that flowed through the domain; beyond it rose woods, purpling in the distance. Crowning the hill, nearer, was a grove of pines, tall, column-like, and with a "whushing" music, as of distant waves, ever murmuring about their crests. Great trees stood grandly about the park — benign oak, and lofty beech, cedars, with a mystery in their low-spreading branches, and their eternal depth of shade. Joyous with aerial beauty the birches looked, grouped on a slope near the gray old mansion, like girls who longed but were ashamed to run. They were divided by an invisible fence from the dainty garden underneath the windows of the lady's special sitting-room. Behind these birches the radiance of the sunset grew and faded every evening now, and Rosamond always stood at her window to watch it.

She stood there now — a tall, gray-clad woman; no longer young, either in face, in figure, or in movement; but fair still, and gracious to behold, with a look which had in it some kinship to the clear, cold, and pure serenity of the winter evening. So she stood, her hands clasped lightly together, shining white upon the dusky, cloud-like folds of her robe, watching the sunset, and thinking — thinking — thinking.

Not fifty miles from that quiet English valley flows the sea, and its waves break stormily outside the harbor into which the ships come, many in a day, from every part of the world, bringing hundreds home. Who shall say that it is a miserable world, when one day can hold so much of happiness as those simple words express — *coming home*?

There is one ship just coming in, and the passengers crowd on the after-deck; some already straining their eyes to catch the first sight of a beloved familiar face on the shore; some lounging careless, too used to wander-



ings to feel much of the sacred joy of return ; some curiously gazing about them, new to the scene, and their perceptions keenly aroused to everything around. But one or two stand apart, with eyes that look outward but see inwardly, and thoughts that are trembling, deep, deep down underneath the outside unrippled calm of aspect — thoughts that none may guess at, and only One knows are there.

The erect figure of a man stands out a little aloof from the rest. He is watching the sun sink below an English horizon — watching the soft clouds hovering over an English landscape. His dark hair — you may see silver streaks in it, though he is not old — is tossed by the wind about his brow over his face. He loved to feel it — to recognize the old familiar breath on his cheek, for it is part of the home he has lost so long, but now has found again. Ten years he has been a stranger in a strange land, but now — he is coming home.

You who have never left it never know rapture like the heart-leap to these words. Your eyes do not see the glorified beauty which his drink in with every common sight, so long unseen till now. The cries of the sailors among the rigging of the many ships around — the familiar shouts on shore — the clanging of bells, the simplest, most accustomed sounds ; come on his ears with a very anguish of remembrance. He had never forgotten them. But between the two verges of remembrance and oblivion dwells the actuality which is beyond and above both, in which there is no degree — it is — complete and full and satisfying.

Our traveller stood so silent that a fellow-passenger addressed him twice before he heard. But then he turned round, neither vexedly nor impatiently.

"Yes ; it is a lovely evening for our landing," he said, smiling.

"May I ask," for these two had been companions during the long voyage, and one, at least, was much interested in the other, "do you go direct to your own home to-night?"

"No. I have no abode in England. It is a wide home that I am coming to. But — it is home."

"Let us then stay at the same inn to-night."

"Many thanks ; but I am going on farther at once. I start immediately on landing."

He smiled again, — a courteous, genial smile to his companion ; a very strange, wistful, half-eager, half-restrained smile to himself. Involuntarily his eyes seemed to seek the sunset again. Glowing, golden, ambient, shone the sky, and the water in which it was reflected. Far away, on shore, he could see woods and fields and rising hills. Perhaps, even dimly, he could catch the cloudy outline of one of those hills behind which Rosamond Bellew was even then watching the last rays fading behind the birch-trees, and thinking — thinking.

And perhaps it may be that thought can leap to thought more quickly, more surely, than glance responds to glance, or word to word. Who can tell?

But thus it was that Leonard Ross came home.

THE OLDEST DUTCH NEWSPAPER. — The oldest of the Dutch journals has just completed its 200th anniversary, and the publisher has issued to his subscribers copies of the first number of that journal as it appeared on January 8, 1666. The earlier copies of this paper were carefully consulted by Mr. Macaulay, in preparing his *History*. The *Haarlem Courant* of this time was then called *De Weekelycke Courante van Europa*. The first number contains two pages small folio of news. It declares its mission to be to supply the public with a digest of the most important news, conveyed to the publisher by private or by special communications. The following paragraph bears date, London, Dec. 31, 1655 :

"On the fifteenth of this month was taken prisoner Colonel Day, who, last Monday fortnight, ascended the pulpit in the church of All-hallows, and preached very severely against the present government. Coming into the pulpit, he, in place of taking a text from Scripture, pulled from his pocket a paper which he read,

saying that he had received it from Wales ; and then gave an explanation thereof, tending to make the present government contemptible (*leelyck*), calling it a company of thieves and robbers. After this, came in the pulpit a Mr. John Simpson, who, it is true, took a text from Scripture, but altogether lost sight of it in his sermon, and preached against the government, as the preceding. Him they have also tried to arrest, but he remains in a hiding place." — *Notes and Queries*.

EMINENT MEN BORN IN 1769. — Mr. Paton, in his book on *Servia*, gives a report of a dialogue which he had with some native dignitary. Part of it is to this effect (I quote from memory) :

"How old is Gospody Wellington?"

"About seventy-five. He was born in the same year with Napoleon and Mahommed Ali."

"Indeed ! Nature must have worked with her sleeves tucked up in that year."

From The Examiner, 5 April.

### THE PEACE.

PEOPLE in England do not know what to make of the Peace. They are sure it cannot be good, yet find it difficult to make up their minds that it is bad. The result is a paralysis, or suspension for a time, of all feeling on the subject. But that what everybody here avoids talking about, has been welcomed and is popular in Paris, no one will doubt. The Frenchman who would turn discontented from it must indeed be an inveterate partisan. France undoubtedly gains by it, what she has wanted for a century past, a first-rate position in the Levant. Napoleon the Third has avenged not ungenerously the defeats of 1812 and 1813; and the Peace of Paris signed 30 March 1856, undoes what the Treaty of Paris signed 30 March 1814, too completely did. The whole east of Europe is no longer given up to the Cossacks.

Frenchmen cannot shut their eyes to this. Even the *Journal des Debats* handsomely admits it. Every honest politician desires not alone his own country's development, but that of Europe, which is that of the world; and, thanks to the courage and sacrifices of the two great nations of the West, the Levant has at least been freed, for the present, from the exclusive mastery of a northern despot, and Germany has been taught that even Russia is not irresistible. To this moderate extent we may ourselves join in the rejoicing.

Our neighbors and allies generally are too busy gambling and speculating just now to set very great rejoicings on foot for anything, but the population of Paris, as we have said, gave every reasonable token of satisfaction at the signing of the treaty. Streets and boulevards were crowded; and, the material for illuminations being at hand (the birth of the Imperial Prince having just been fêted in that fashion), all Paris was lit up with the due number of lamps on Sunday and on Tuesday nights. "There are few cities," writes a correspondent, "in which illuminations have better effect than in Paris at present, thrown open as it has been, and adorned with so many public edifices. The view from the Pont Neuf, with the illumination of the quay reflected in the river, is unique, and only to be equalled by the lighting up of Constantinople during the Ramadan, when to one looking from Pera every lamp is reflected on the Golden Horn."

The succeeding review appears also to have been brilliant; the weather favored it, and the novel sight of a Russian ambassador in the *Champ de Mars* was itself what the French call a *spectacle*. There was occasion indeed to compare the end of March 1814 and the same date in 1856. At the former an Emperor Alexander had virtually decided

the fate of Paris, and given its crown away; whereas now an envoy of another Alexander had come to Paris, and condescended to ask terms of a Bonaparte. The story runs that Louis Napoleon, on Count Orloff's introduction to him, asked "If he brought peace?" which elicited the courteous reply, "Sire, I come to ask it!"

Whether or not these words were uttered, perhaps they sufficiently suit the respective personages, and meet the attitude assumed by both. Russia must doubtless have yielded a substantial peace, had France and England imperatively demanded it. But the French Emperor and his Court showed a too precipitate eagerness of expectation, of which the Russian Plenipotentiaries have known how to take advantage. The unhappy personage most left in the lurch by the sudden change must have been Count Buol. That unlucky Count, keeping in mind his experience last year at Vienna, must naturally have had some difficulty in believing that pretty nearly the same terms would now be consented to which but a year ago were indignantly rejected; and having thus made up his mind that larger concessions and guarantees would of necessity be insisted on, it was he who brought forward the cession of Chotym and of half Bessarabia. The proposition is reported to have been at once scouted by Russia with the approbation of France.

Assuming this to be true, there is doubtless ground for the comment made by a politician aloof from the imperial court, that the Plenipotentiaries on Sunday signed *une Paix* but not *la Paix*. We have also to remember, however, that peace is not always regulated by even the best treaties. The war has at least done something in exploding the notion of the invincibility of Russia, in exposing the rottenness of the kingdoms of Germany, and in formally handing over, as it were, to the keeping of England and France, the peace of the world. But as England has always been notoriously averse to taking up arms again, however unwilling to lay them down till her work was completely done, we may fairly perhaps conclude that the continuance of peace now depends almost solely upon the policy of Napoleon the Third, presuming that his power continues. What that policy may be hereafter, the potentate himself could certainly not tell; for it is little likely that in any similar conjuncture circumstances should again favor him as they have done in the present. He has been able at once to strengthen his own position, and to humor without overstraining the prejudices of the people he rules. Occupied by other pursuits, and satisfied by other incitements, the great mass of the French have remained indifferent, throughout the whole of the struggle, to all

but its main results of peace or war, of victory or defeat. They have seen hostilities terminated as they saw them entered upon, without themselves participating in either case; though somewhat pressed at last by the taxman, the Malakoff paid them for it; and now if the Frenchman feels himself little in France, he has at least grown once more to be something in Europe.

Very characteristic, we may take occasion here to remark, is the Russian Emperor's announcement of the Peace to his subjects. In this solemn document he declares that the objects of war have been attained, as the Sultan has made various important concessions in favor of his Christian subjects. But it is notorious that the object of the war was *not* to obtain such concessions, but to compel the Sultan to sign a treaty securing the *status quo* of the orthodox Greeks alone. What must we think of the morality or stability of a Government which chooses, or is obliged, solemnly to utter in the face of Europe a manifest lie?

Since we wrote the foregoing we have seen the account given by the *Journal des Debats* of the Treaty and of the Conferences. It materially differs from those which have appeared in our own papers, but as it is signed by one of the most respectable names in French journalism or letters, the account commands confidence.

According to the *Debats*, although nothing has been definitively done respecting the government or the union of the Danubian Principalities, it is yet determined that Austria shall evacuate them, the Allies themselves undertaking to evacuate Turkey and every part of the Levant as fast as their stores and materials of war can be removed.

Another determination of the Powers has been to open the Danube, not exclusively to themselves, but to all nations. This was the only way. If Turkey, or Austria, or even the Principalities themselves had any exclusive right, there would never be that full application of steam to the Lower Danube which is requisite to make it a great channel of trade.

Another mooted question was in what manner the Sultan's Firman to the Christians was to become a portion of the Treaty. Turkey objected to the insertion. But the document, though not inserted, is said to be distinctly referred to as a decree or a charter in which the subscribing Powers place confidence: and the Porte is thus to be barred from revoking it.

Such are the scanty revelations of the *Journal des Debats*. It says nothing of Ismail, nor of the frontiers, nor yet of the Fifth article of Vienna. The Treaty, it adds,

contains thirty-four articles, and has in its preamble a declaration proposed by Lord Clarendon, that peace was mainly due to the disinterestedness and conciliatory spirit of the French Emperor. It is perhaps as well that the author of the Peace, whatever it may prove to be, should thus have had his name inserted in it.

As M. de Bourqueney is an old contributor to the *Journal des Debats*, there cannot be much doubt of the correctness of the details it gives.

Part of an Article from The Spectator, 5 April.

RUSSIA does not retire from the contest entirely at a disadvantage: and this is perhaps one of the most promising though less expected results. We have practically refuted, indeed, the vulgar superstition—never entirely believed—that Russia was a power destined to be resistless in her preponderance. But we have found that she does possess a great resisting vigor, and that she commands military resources and engineering capacities of which she was not suspected. If she has been for a time arrested in the open advancement of her aggressions, we have yet to receive proof that she has been compelled to give up the machinery by which she has carried on her more insidious and more effectual encroachments—her moral means of bringing over foreign governments to her purpose, and of cajoling where she cannot coerce. Who can say that even now, by the crafty submission of Buol to France, and the flattering deference of the puissant Orloff to Napoleon, Russia has not obtained some signal successes of her cajolery at the Paris Conference? The greatest concession that Russia has made, it has been remarked, does not lie in giving up this point or that point, but in accepting the *general* purport of the propositions made to her through Austria. It implies, not so much that the Czar has been beaten in the East, as that, upon being forced to review the position and prospects of his empire, he has laid aside one policy found to be unsuccessful, and has adopted another promising to bring him more power. We are not indeed to assume that Alexander the Second possesses the force of mind, or the personal influence, which could at once set aside and repel the traditional aspirations embodied in "the will of Peter the Great," and accepted by successive Autocrats of all the Russias. But he has resolved to seek an increase and extension of his power by endowing Russia with commerce. He will at once restore all the influence that was imperilled by Nicholas; but he will at the same time give hostages to fortune which will render it more difficult for Russia henceforward to take up arms lightly. And here is a result,

not disadvantageous to Russia, in which lies the best guarantee for Europe.

If we look to the other countries engaged, we cannot see that the contest leaves settlement where it found disorder. Every "question" which could have been mooted before the declaration of war is even in a more unsettled state than it was then. The Polish question alone perhaps presses less, because it has become yet more problematical. Germany is certainly not more settled, nor Austria, nor the dangers on the Austrian frontiers, Russian, Pansclavonian, or Italian. As to the Italian question, it is almost on authority advertised for grave discussion during the next two years, unless it be settled at the supplemental Conference which remains in Paris.

Our own share in the results of the war constitutes the most questionable portion on the surface. We started with a rule that we should not endeavor to gain any material objects, any positive aggrandizement of territory; we did not perhaps bargain for transferring the moral results, the increased influence derived from marked successes, so completely to our allies the French. For us, the close of the war at this particular point of time happens inopportunistically. When we began the race in the Crimea, we possessed an army disorganized by peace, competing with an army trained in the most recent warfare by the newest professors of the military art. We have redressed the balance, so far as the efficiency of our force is concerned, but we still leave the balance of the results to that rival. The late war has been a lesson to us, of the severe rather than the smiling kind. It does not terminate with a Waterloo, but with the Malakoff and the Redan. We closed the last war, its critical victories won mainly by ourselves, with arrangements that augmented the strength of arbitrary power; we must close the present war with different views of policy and a different estimate of our own position. We must be content to take our place among other nations upon a footing of more promiscuous equality. The bitterest part of the experience afforded by the late war is, the doubt whether the classes that fill the upper ranks of our institutions are still moved by the old hereditary ardor to seize the occasion for distinguishing themselves and elevating their country; whether they have not sympathized so much more with governments than with peoples, that they have forfeited the opportunity to place new achievements on their escutcheons, and to extend the example of their own constitutional country. The war has not called forth the chivalry of our high-born classes, but apologies for its apparent decline; it has not given us a com-

manding position in Europe, but it has ended in a peace that promises immediate extension of trade, and future opportunities, perhaps, for the display of our more magnanimous qualities.

From *The Economist*, 5 April.

#### THE PEACE MALCONTENTS.

THOUGH the precise terms on which peace has been concluded are as yet unpublished, yet it is known that they are considered fully satisfactory by those who are in the secret, and it is understood that they embody, if they do not extend, the conditions which were agreed upon as the original basis of the negotiations. Satisfied with this imperfect knowledge, the country is rejoicing from end to end at the termination of hostilities, as it is natural and fitting that it should; for war, however just and however glorious, must always be a state of suffering to many, of anxiety to most, and of privation to all; and though not criminal in itself and of necessity, yet it involves so many details which bear a frightful similarity to the worst of crimes, that the first instinctive feeling of every right-minded man must be to wish for its cessation.

In the midst of the general jubilee, however, there are several parties, whose views we can well understand and with the feelings of some of whom we can partially sympathize, whose satisfaction is not wholly unalloyed with misgiving and regret. First come those who have lost their best and dearest in the deadly struggle, and who would fain have honored them by a grander and wider funeral-pile than was furnished even by Sebastopol in ruins and on fire; who, having laid on their country's shrine the offering of those lives which to them were the most costly and precious of this world's treasures, cannot divest themselves of the thought that a price so vast should have purchased a triumph yet more signal and complete. To such we will offer no trite and hollow consolations: we would remind them merely that the importance of a victory is not always to be measured by the humiliation of the adversary; and that if, as we believe and hope, the issue of this brief but bloody conflict has been to prove to aggressive ambition that the day for its indulgence has gone by, and, in consequence of that conviction, to give a new direction to the whole policy and a healthier scope to the young energies of a great nation, — then a truer triumph has been gained for Europe than if St. Petersburg and Moscow had shared the fate of the Crimean fortress, and a blessing has been bought for humanity for which even wives and parents should deem no price too high.

There are others whose sentiments, though



equally natural, are less excusable. There are many who in secret rebel at the sheathing the sword till we had reaped a far richer harvest of glory; who feel that, as far at least as first appearances go, England has scarcely played a part equal to her vast resources and her hereditary fame; that the sufferings and disasters of the first campaign have scarcely been sufficiently eclipsed and compensated by subsequent successes; that in fact we were only just getting into wind, coming to our strength, calling around us our manifold resources; that the enormous preparations made for the coming campaign promised, even on the soberest estimate, a series of magnificent achievements which would have cast not only all previous calamities but all previous victories into the shade, and would have placed the might and the prowess of Great Britain on a higher pinnacle than ever.

"To-morrow would have given us all —  
Repaid our pangs, repaired our fall;  
Guerdon of many a painful hour,  
To-morrow would have given us power  
To rule, to shine, to smite, to save" —

And the Conferences at Paris have decided that that morrow is not to be ours.

Even to this regret, which is felt more widely than it is expressed, considerable sympathy is due; but those who are conscious of it may derive some counterbalancing comfort from two considerations: — *first*, that it is the very magnitude and grandeur of our preparations that has rendered those preparations needless; that it is precisely because we were so ready and so desirous to strike that the blow was forestalled by the submission of our foe; and that we have gained the victory merely by showing that we were certain and resolved to win it. The second consideration is, that the fortunes of war are proverbially doubtful, that the sun might not have shone upon our efforts exactly in the measure we anticipated, and that — though we will not affect a doubt which we do not feel as to our ultimate brilliant and conclusive success — yet that success might have been purchased by the sacrifice of many thousand citizens who will now live to serve their country, instead of dying to illustrate it. If the object of the war be really accomplished, it is surely a matter of congratulation that it has been accomplished with the minimum of bloodshed. And it is perfectly clear that the moment satisfactory terms were offered or acceded to by our adversary, no statesman and no Christian could have continued the war for the mere purpose of extorting more. Moreover, cautious and foreseeing men were well aware that a prolongation of the contest might have incurred

dangers and perplexities far more to be dreaded than the ordinary casualties of the siege or of the field.

We will not do any members of the Peace Party the injustice to suppose that they feel anything beyond the sincerest rejoicing at a result for which they have been clamoring so long. But in the case of a few among them it can scarcely be that something of mortified surprise should not mingle with their gladness, when they remember how short a period has elapsed since they assured us that such a result was unattainable — that we did not deserve it, and had rendered it impossible; — and when they reflect how entirely we owe the satisfactory and honorable peace in which we are now rejoicing to the constancy with which we refused to listen to their urgent entreaties only a few months ago, that we would be content with a poor, hollow, and disreputable truce. The treaty of 1856 is the condemnation of those statesmen who would have patched up the dispute on the bases offered in 1855, and the justification and the reward of the country which so steadfastly rejected their timid and desponding counsels.

To the extreme patriots of all lands the restoration of peace cannot be anything but a matter of grief and gloom. The Hungarians, the Poles, the Italians, have seen their hopes of rescue, so often raised, doomed once more to disappointment. To the Poles the disappointment bids fair, we fear, to be a final one. Many speculators saw in this war the outbreak of that great "Struggle of Principles" — that conflict of Liberty with Despotism — which Canning long ago predicted; and though well nigh appalled at the prospect of a strife from which no country would be exempt and of which no man living might see the termination, they nevertheless were girding up their loins and preparing to acquit themselves like men, with not the faintest doubt as to the final issue. Others, less wide in their vision and less sanguine in their anticipations, held it to be almost impossible that hostilities should long continue without involving Austria in their vortex, and deemed, plausibly enough, that, their great oppressor once engaged and in confusion, both Italy and Hungary would not fail to profit by her hour of need. Others, again, like poor Krasinski, conceiving Russia to be both stronger and more stubborn than she has proved, believed that Poland was her only vulnerable point, and that by the re-creation of Poland alone could the allies strike a fatal and conclusive blow at their gigantic adversary. All those predictions have been falsified, all those hopes crushed; and we sympathize deeply and sincerely with the disappointed patriots; for, though we

always contended, and contend still, that English statesmen would not have been justified in directly and intentionally expanding the war into a war of nationalities—and indeed, under the circumstances, could not possibly have done so;—yet, if without their initiation and in the spontaneous development of events, it had assumed this character and these dimensions, we should have accepted the fate not indeed without something of dismay, but with the most earnest aspirations and a hopeful confidence in the final triumph of so good a cause.

For ourselves, in the sentiments with which we regard this peace, satisfaction far outweighs all opposing and modifying feelings. From the outset of the contest, as our readers are well aware, we have strenuously and perseveringly maintained that our cause was just, that our policy was sound, that our ultimate success was certain if we did not halt or falter by the way. We have steadily denounced all suggestions of premature pacification, or hollow compromise, or unworthy despondency, or weak fatigue; and if we now appear among the rejoicers and congratulators, it is because we hold the main purpose of the war to have been substantially attained, and because, though we may have anticipated more brilliant success, we did not expect that it would come so soon; and therefore if our first feeling was one of slight disappointment, our second and deliberate feeling is one of cordial and unfeigned content.

From The Economist (Ministerial), 12 April.

#### TRUE OPTIMISM.

PROBABLY there never was a war which in its course presented so little that was humiliating to the character, or in its termination so little that was mortifying to the *amour-propre*, of any of the belligerents. All parties may retire from the contest without soreness, for the terms of peace contain nothing either ignominious or really injurious to any party. All parties may look back upon the contest with pride,—for all have acquitted themselves singularly well; all, save in one instance, without shame,—for with that exception nothing shameful has been done. And, of all the wars recorded in recent history, perhaps this is the only one out of which all the Powers concerned come out gainers. This may sound an audacious paradox; but a little calm reflection will justify the assertion.

Russia, as the apparent exception to these optimistic remarks, must be glanced at first. Of course her attack upon Turkey, unprovoked and overbearing as it was, admits, in the eye of morality, of no justification. It was an unwarranted act of aggression; but

few statesmen unhappily are prepared to look upon aggression as a crime, because few statesmen are governed in their estimates of international transactions by a high standard of morality;—and no Russian statesmen can be supposed to regard encroachments on Turkey as a crime, since they have for a century and a half formed the staple and almost the avowed object of Russian policy. They will not be persuaded to look upon their proceedings as involving guilt or disgrace; and therefore no remorse will mingle with their regret at having been baffled of their purpose. Putting aside, therefore, the fact of the assault on Turkey, which we regard as culpable though Russia does not, the conduct of the war presents only two incidents on which she may not look back with pride. That the murderers of the wounded on the battle-fields of the Crimea and the cowardly assassins of our countrymen at Hango should have been justified instead of being promptly disavowed and mercilessly punished, must ever remain a lamentable blot upon her escutcheon. But we cannot admit that she has the least reason to be ashamed either of her blunder in entering upon the contest, or of the want of success with which she has conducted it, or of the terms of the treaty with which she has terminated it.

It is, we know, the fashion to say that in attacking Turkey at such a time, Nicholas showed far less than his usual sagacity and foresight, and is chargeable with an obvious aberration of judgment. We do not think so. That his plans turned out unfortunately, the event has proved. That, at the time he formed them, there was any reason for believing that they would turn out ill, we entirely deny. According to the best information which he could obtain, according to every appearance, according to the impression of nearly every one who thought much upon the subject, it seemed almost certain that he would meet with no serious opposition from any quarter. Never was unlucky Potentate so cruelly deceived by friends, so cruelly cheated by circumstances, as Nicholas. Never were careful and well-founded calculations so utterly falsified by unexpected and improbable events. He had every reason to be satisfied that Turkey would not and could not resist him unless she was backed by powerful allies. He could not see where such allies were to spring up for her. He had ample motives to convince him that Austria would not interfere between him and his promised spoil; and the result has shown that his conviction was correct. He knew that France and England *singly* would alike shrink from opposing him in arms; and he had every assurance that a union between them was the most unlikely of conjectural

events. A large part of the British people were still full of scandal and indignation at the *coup d'état*. It was known that in France loose thinkers and loose talkers had dwelt much on the dream of an invasion of England; and it was notorious that the possibility of such a foolish crime had stimulated the increase of our standing army and the formation of our militia. Many of our leading men had spoken of Louis Napoleon in a manner not likely to call forth friendly or cordial feeling on his part, and strongly indicative of a mistrust and disapproval here which must go far to prevent the possibility of an alliance. Nicholas had, as he thought, sounded some of our ministers as to his projects; and, because they expressed no moral abhorrence, he interpreted their polite evasions as intimations of probable connivance, if not complicity. The language of the most important organ of the Press, too (which was regularly read at St. Petersburg), and it must be admitted with pain, as well as the usual tone of conversation in the higher circles of London also (which was as regularly reported to the Czar), was calculated to persuade him that England—or at least the ruling classes in England—deemed the Ottoman Empire neither worth saving nor capable of being saved; that we were aware it must fall sooner or later, and were not very anxious to postpone the date of its destruction. Lastly, many of our most celebrated orators and writers—especially the chiefs of the Manchester School, not then as discredited as they have since become—took infinite pains to assure the world that England would not go to war for *any* foreign quarrel, and *should* not go to war for one so doubtful and so hopeless. We need not ridicule Nicholas for having believed them, for we can scarcely forget how many among ourselves believed them just as implicitly. And when to all this we add that the Prime Minister of the day was a personal friend of the Czar, and to the last clung to the conviction that he did not really mean either to defy Europe or to swallow Turkey, and was known to be a man of the most pacific temperament and of the most conciliatory policy,—we cannot but feel that the soundest and soberest statesman might well have thought, as Nicholas did, that his game was sure and his path of aggression safe. Two things only he overlooked, but so did nearly every one else,—the sagacity of the French Emperor, and the eager spirit and indignant sense of justice of the British people.

That the Russians were culpable, though not foolish, in commencing the war, cannot, then, be denied. But the energy and spirit they have shown in the conduct of it merits all our admiration. The defence of Sebas-

topol has crowned them with glory. History records few contests of such gigantic magnitude. For nearly twelve months they resisted the utmost efforts of the two greatest nations of Europe, aided by the Turks and Sardinians. In skill, in science, in resolute determination, they equalled the Allies if they did not surpass them. In strategy, on the whole, their generals appear to have been superior to ours. Their soldiers fought admirably, and it is no discredit to them that they were not able to meet the veterans of France and England on equal terms. More than once they beat and baffled us. At Inkerman they all but defeated and destroyed us; and now that we are in possession of the Russian plan of that battle, it is no secret that, had it not been for two mistakes on the part of those entrusted with the execution of that plan, nothing short of a miracle could have saved both the French and English armies from annihilation. Had Simonoff taken the right instead of the wrong side of the ravine, and had Liprandi been able to convince Bosquet that his sham attack was a real one, our wearied men would have been taken in flank by overwhelming numbers, and our allies could not have been able to come to our assistance. To have been *so near* to such a decisive victory over such antagonists, is an honor of which Russia may well be proud.

Nor is there anything in the peace which she has just signed which need be felt to be in the least degree humiliating. She has been defeated, it is true; she has been forced to abandon the purpose for which she undertook the war; but she has succumbed to a force which nothing could have resisted. No Power, destitute of a single ally, can stand against the whole of Europe. On one side were arranged Turkey, obstinate and courageous in her fanaticism; Sardinia, with a small but well-appointed army; England and France, either of them at least as powerful and more than twice as rich as Russia; Sweden, menacing; Prussia, vacillating and unhelpful; and Austria ready to throw her weight into the heaviest scale as soon as it was irretrievably depressed;—what Power, however colossal, could have contended longer against such overwhelming odds?

On the whole, too, and in the long run, we are inclined to think that this discomfiture will prove a real service to Russia. Her failure may be “a blessing in disguise.” Compression from without was probably indispensable to force the cultivation of her powers within. As long as she was pertinaciously bent on an extension of territory, she was sure to neglect in some measure the development of the resources of the vast districts she already owned. As long as her

statesmen had their eyes fixed on foreign policy and the augmentation of their influence abroad, it was inevitable that their attention should be diverted from the rich harvest which awaits industry and wise government at home. Now that she knows that her boundary is fixed, and if altered can only be altered for the worse; now that she has had startling and painful proof that any attempt at aggrandizement will arouse against her a combination of nations against which even she must be powerless,—she will almost of necessity begin to look to those other sources of wealth, grandeur, and predominance which she can cultivate without despoiling any neighbor, or offending any rival, or incurring any risk. If we had not so long been accustomed to the sight, it would seem little short of madness for a nation embracing half Europe and Asia and numbering 60,000,000 of inhabitants, to wish for more land and more subjects,—when half her acres are lying waste and half her people are destitute and wretched. If the Russians read aright the lesson they have learned and accept with cordiality the destiny presented to them by the issue of this war, the peace of Paris may be the turning point in their career, and the most signal boon which Providence ever granted, unasked, to any people.

Of Sardinia we need not speak at length; but assuredly she has not been the least among the gainers, both in reputation and in security. The spirit shown by her rulers in casting in their lot with the defenders of the public law, and the skill and courage displayed by her troops in the combats which they shared with the Allies, have not only placed her on a rank which she did not occupy before, but have interested France and England in her destiny, and bound them to uphold and aid her against all aggression. She has earned a right to speak for Italy in a European Congress, and has taken a moral position before the world which contrasts most signally and gloriously with that of her Lombard neighbor. Henceforth she is immeasurably the most respected, if not the most powerful, State in the Peninsula.

The attitude of the two great Western Potentates from first to last in this struggle, from their first firm but gentle remonstrance to their final signature of a triumphant peace, has been noble, dignified, and almost unique in history. The two mightiest and wealthiest of European nations took up arms simply to defend oppressed weakness and to enforce violated law. They entertained no sinister or selfish views. They sought nothing for themselves. They formally abjured all purposes of profit or aggrandizement. They were satisfied with having, at immense cost

and by stupendous efforts, prevented iniquity and avenged aggression; and they asked no indemnity, either in land or money, for the vast expenses of the war. France has gained fresh military renown by the prowess of her soldiers;—but she has gained also something which she needed far more than this—which she had already in abundance; she has gained moral reputation; she has for once fought for others and not for herself; she has fought for right and not for conquest; she has proved that she is no longer inspired with the spirit of combative or conquering ambition, but that she is not more willing to draw the sword for the attainment of a legitimate object than to sheathe it when that object is secured. England, contrary to a very prevalent expectation, has shown that years of peace and devotion to industrial pursuits had done nothing to impair her spirit or to damp her ardor for honorable strife; that she is as ready as ever to succor an ally or to resist a tyrant; and that when the cause is good, when justice to the wronged or fidelity to engagements are at stake, she grudges neither her hard-won treasures nor her noblest blood. She did herself honor by the firmness with which she insisted upon real security for Turkey, by the reluctance with which she entered upon the strife, by the vigor with which she conducted it, by the promptitude with which she consented to end it at the very prime of her energy and at the very height of her preparations. She might possibly have earned more distinction: she could not well have displayed more power. She has spent much and lost many lives; but she has learned where her deficiencies lay, and she has astounded Europe by the rapidity and completeness with which she has remedied them. Of all the belligerents, she is the only one who at the moment of laying down arms, was more ready, more powerful, more ardent, more at her ease, and more confident, than on the day when the first shot was fired.

There remains the case of Turkey. She has much reason to congratulate herself both on the war and on the peace. Her gain is obvious at a glance. How far it may be substantial and lasting is a different and more dubious question. The feebleness of her Government and the corruption of her officials are, we fear, as great as ever. But as a nation she has acquitted herself better than any one anticipated. Her diplomatists showed unusual sagacity and firmness. Her troops have everywhere fought well when they were decently commanded; and on the Danube, at Silistria, and at Kars, they displayed qualities worthy of their ancient renown. They defeated the Russians in almost every serious engagement, except during the



early portion of the Asiatic campaign, when incapable or villainous generals sacrificed or betrayed them. The Porte has now become party to a treaty by which Turkey is liberated from that heavy grasp which Russia has kept upon her for a quarter of a century. Her immediate safety is secured; her great oppressor is disarmed and placed under surveillance; a small but most important piece of territory is restored to her; and she is now for the first time incorporated into the European commonwealth of nations. Her treasury, it is true, is exhausted; the resources of the country must have been frightfully mortgaged, and its population not a little reduced. But vast sums have been expended by the Allies within her territory, and thousands of her subjects must have been enriched by the fertilizing stream of gold. The enterprise and industry of the Rayahs, too, must have received an unwonted stimulus; while the new civil rights which have been conferred on them open a fresh and most hopeful career to all who are competent to enter on it. Whether these reforms can fairly be carried out, and whether, if carried out, they will effectually renew the youth and strength of the Ottoman Empire, may perhaps be doubted. But if they do not save her, they will at least demonstrate that she is unsalvageable, and will point out and lead the way to the only complete and final solution of "the Eastern Question."

## ITALY.

From The Times, 7 April.

It is now more than forty years since the Congress of Vienna met to give new territorial divisions and a new destiny to Europe. The great revolution of France was supposed to have come to an end; legitimate Sovereigns were not only triumphant, but seemed to the world, and perhaps to themselves, the supporters of justice, tranquillity, and human freedom. They undertook to regenerate Europe on the principles of religious truth and respect for venerable usages. But far more than by the Gospel, or by immemorial laws, were the Monarchs of the Continent united through a common fear of France. The war which closed with Napoleon's downfall was the contest of old Europe against France, its principles, and its arms. It cannot be wondered that at the pacification every statesman of the alliance should have been intent on safeguards and guarantees against French aggression. To preserve the minds of nations from French doctrines and their frontiers from French columns was the first and almost the sole object of the famous assembly which met at Vienna. On this account every Power which fought at Leipsic,

or was on the march for Waterloo, was considered to be allied forevermore. Although Russia had, a few years before, seized Finland and Bessarabia, no diplomatist dared to hint that Europe had need of securities against the policy of St. Petersburg as well as of Paris. The return from Elba so terrified the Cabinets, that the endeavors of England and of Louis XVIII.'s Ministers to oppose the preponderance of the North were abandoned, and never renewed. The fortresses of France were dismantled, while along her whole frontier the strongholds of her enemies were multiplied and strengthened. Territory was distributed and races were divided so as to give every State an interest in the repression of the dreaded people. Even the course of trade was made dependent on these considerations. The enemy was to be combated by hostile tariffs, and roads which would have joined important cities were forbidden because they might render more easy the sudden march of the invader.

It cannot be wondered at that, in such a partition of Europe, the weak States should suffer grievously. The great Powers took their precautions and securities with all the remorselessness of fear. One land which, to use the language then in fashion, had been "swept over by the revolutionary torrent," received the special attention of the crowned heads. The first triumphs of the French Emperor had been won in Italy. To the Cisalpine Republic and the Parthenopæan Republic had succeeded the kingdom of Italy, the secularization of the Papal States, and the reign of Joseph at Naples. The entry of the French into these rich and classic regions was looked upon as dangerously easy, and to be prevented only by foreign armies and a strict control over the population. To Austria the task of defending Italy must fall, and therefore it was thought just that she should virtually rule it even in times of quiet. What the results of this rule have been is pretty well known to the world. Out of the last forty years Austrian troops have occupied portions of the Papal States for no less than twenty-four. The Milanese and Venetian territories are now under a severer discipline than at the era of the Viennese Congress. Of Rome it is still more mournful to speak. A priesthood which even fanatics do not undertake to defend rules 3,000,000 of Italians by the support of foreign bayonets. The Legations, once part of the great Napoleon's empire, and regulated by the provisions of his code, are now the most unhappy part of Italy, for they are under a dominion which unites the worst evils of despotism and anarchy. The Austrians occupy the country with a military force, while the laws are administered by the Papal

authorities, who must in all cases consult the pleasure of the foreign generals. Tuscany is only an outwork of Austria, who does not even conceal her claim to direct the whole policy of the Duchy. When we come to Naples it is hardly necessary to recall the past or expatiate on what is now occurring. The kingdom has fallen from bad to worse during the lifetime of this generation; and, when we hear of the dungeon of Poggio, or the spies of Mazza, we have no reason to believe that we are indignant at isolated and rare acts.

It would be hard for any one to argue that the Governments of Italy are not absolutely worse than in the years succeeding 1815. But, even if it be allowed that there has been no real, yet it must be admitted that there has been a relative, retrogression. In every part of Europe new ideas, new sciences, a new literature have raised the mass of the people. At the last settlement of Europe, kings, nobles, and a small educated class made up the world, and when these were satisfied, a country was likely to be tranquil. But now, even on the Danube and the Vistula, there are classes low in the social scale who talk about freedom of thought and independence of nationalities. The more the Italians have risen in attainments, the stricter has been the repression. The priesthood of the Roman States has been unable to preserve its influence even with the poor. Whatever in old times tempered the evils of clerical control has now vanished. The prelates are no longer men of historic name, connected with families which inherited wealth, and certain traditions of patriotism and just administration. If not maligned, they are now to a great extent adventurers, without the pride to resist foreign intrigues or the decency to hide their domestic vices. As a class they are unable to govern, and a fatal antipathy divides them from all of their countrymen who give signs of genius or high principle.

Such is the state of things in these latter days, when, after forty years of seeming lethargy, an Italian State has risen to take a bold part in the affairs of the world, and give new hopes to the whole peninsula. A Congress is now sitting in Paris, which may be considered as representing the reaction against all that Vienna dictated. As before, a coalition has been victorious over a common foe, and is intent on taking securities for Europe. But nearly half a century, prolific in great ideas, has changed the policy of the world. In 1815 statesmen thought chiefly of the strengthening of frontiers: now, even the least advanced trust for tranquillity to the contentment of nations. There is no reason that the Plenipotentiaries of Paris any more than those of Vienna should confine them-

selves strictly to the contents of any *ultimatum* or protocol. They have met to secure the peace of Europe, and any vain distinction between the affairs of the East and of the West is below the attention of earnest men. We cannot, therefore, but hope that the state of the Italian peninsula will be fully discussed, and a remedy found for evils which are a scandal to this age. Austria, it may be trusted, is willing to carry out that nobler policy of which she has given hopes. The allies may therefore represent to her, in no unfriendly spirit, the wrongs which her protectorate has prolonged. It would be, indeed, the pedantry of diplomatic etiquette to shrink from mention of what all men know concerning Lombardy and Venice. Can it be denied that the people of these regions do not love their rulers, that they are coerced by an overbearing soldiery and an infamous police, that an advantageous intercourse with Piedmont is forbidden, through fear of liberal ideas, and that the whole State policy is of a kind which might be called Machiavellian, if that term did not convey some notion of prudence and success? But the Roman States call for the earliest decision. Here there is no Government which even lays claim to independence. Austrian troops at Ancona balance French troops at Rome. The country is occupied by foreign soldiers, and no one dares to suggest that they should be withdrawn while the Pope is a temporal sovereign and his Ministers are Cardinals. What must be the opinion even of continental Monarchs when they assert in one breath that the Romans are degenerate and pusillanimous, and yet that the Pope could not reign a week without French bayonets? What must be the rule which such a people would rise against in mass the moment that external repression was withdrawn? Into the details of any proposed change we cannot enter. Whether it be suitable that the Legations should be divided from the remaining territory, and administered by a temporal government with more enlightened laws, — whether the Pope should guarantee the cessation of the present priestly rule, except over ecclesiastics, should be matters only decided after attentive discussion. But those grievances which drove the Italians into tumult a full year before Louis Philippe fell should no longer be disregarded. An approach to a national unity, by the abolition of impediments to intercourse, should be attempted, and the exaggerated system of passports and Customs at once modified. Something like a real amnesty would, we are confident, have much effect in soothing the sense of injustice which now embitters so many minds. A combined remonstrance of the great Powers would, no doubt, be suffi-

cient to alter much that is scandalous at Naples. On the whole, statesmen who should seriously devote themselves to the amelioration of this unhappy land, would find a field for the exercise of their highest faculties, and by their success confer benefits on Europe not less than those which have been won by the war which has just been brought to a conclusion.

From The Times, 8 April.

It is but natural that those evils in the state of Italy to which we have called attention should interest the Italian Power which has not long ceased to suffer from many of them. The King of Sardinia, before he entered on a war with Russia, had fought a long battle with foes nearer home. The domination of Austria and the privileges of the priesthood were clearly seen to be the chief impediments to prosperity both in Piedmont and the States of the Peninsula. By a course of policy both bold and cautious the Sardinian statesmen freed their country from these obstacles. They have given their Sovereign the right to speak in the name of the whole Italian race, and have insured him allies who will listen with the fullest sympathy to his remonstrances. We have heard with great pleasure, therefore, that the state of Italy has been formally brought before the Conferences by the Sardinian Plenipotentiaries. To a reported exclamation of the French Emperor, of "What can one do for Italy?" Count Cavour has answered by a memorial which states the principal grievances of Italy in general, as well as of the individual States. The Milanese and Venetian territories, the Papal States, the kingdom of Naples, all suffer from different forms of the same malady. Despotie government and priestly interference ruin and taint everything from the Alps to Sicily. No improvement has taken place during long years of peace; on the contrary, the Governments are every day becoming more narrow in their principles, more rigid in their discipline, more relentless in their resentments. The Sardinian statesmen have therefore felt that the time has come when the whole matter should be discussed and a remedy applied. No one can believe that the present state of things is permanent; and, if reforms be not adopted, there can be no alternative but fresh convulsions, succeeded by even more grinding tyranny. Confident in her position, Sardinia has resolved to speak out, and it is difficult to form too high a notion of the boldness which animates the State papers put forth by her Plenipotentiaries. Certainly neither the statesmen of liberal England nor democratic France have ever inveighed in such plain terms against the corruptions of any

foreign Government. Things are indeed called by their right names in the Sardinian memorials, which, if responded to by the allies, must be the commencement of a new period in Italian history.

Taking it for granted that there must be for a long time to come a struggle between the Liberal and Absolutist principles in Europe, Sardinia is anxious to range herself and her sister States on the side of freedom, as represented by France and England. Austria she considers as only temporarily and by chance the opponent of the Czar. The Emperor of many disjointed provinces and discordant nationalities can only rule by the full supremacy of the autocratic principle, and by that cunning refinement of it which is expressed in the maxim, "Divide and govern." The Sardinians therefore believe that the Western Powers will do well to encourage such an amount of national independence and political liberty in Italy as will unite in some degree the various States, and place them for the future on the same side which Sardinia has taken in the late conflict. The matters brought before the Conferences relate to every part of Italy, but the chief importance is given to the deplorable condition of the Papal territories. Nothing that a Protestant Assembly in Edinburgh or Belfast could say of the government of Pope Pius IX. would go beyond the diplomatic representations which a Catholic and Italian State now makes solemnly in the presence of Europe. It is urged that the temporal supremacy of the priesthood is an evil which human nature can no longer bear; that even the government of the sword is better than the government of the surplice; that the ecclesiastical ruler of 3,000,000 of Italians is only kept on his throne by foreign troops, and would again be driven forth if his subjects were released for a week from foreign repression. The character of the priesthood is spoken of in severe language, and its incapacity for its high functions boldly declared. Then comes the practical part of the matter. The allies are invited to deliberate on the reconstruction of the Roman Government. Sardinia totally repudiates the position that temporal power is necessary for the Pope in order that he may fully exercise his spiritual authority. She considers that his functions might be wisely restrained to ecclesiastical matters, or if his rights as a temporal Sovereign be deemed inalienable, it might be insisted that he should entirely distinguish between his duties as head of the Church and his duties as an Italian Sovereign; and that, while ecclesiastical posts are held by Cardinals and Bishops, all that concerns the population which is subject to him should be committed to responsible Ministers,

chosen from the laity, under the safeguard of new and salutary laws.

While Rome is held by French troops the Legations are under the control of an Austrian General. This section of the Papal territory formed part of the kingdom of Italy, and at the downfall of Napoleon received with reluctance the old system. As the people are bitterly opposed to the Papal sway, which has condemned them to years of foreign occupation, Sardinia proposes that they should be at once released from it and dis-severed from the States of the Church. The territory so constituted should be placed under the government either of an hereditary House or a Viceroy nominally dependent on the Pope, but appointed under conditions sanctioned by the allies. Austrian occupation should be strictly prohibited, the *Code Napoleon* introduced with such modifications as might be necessary, and the administration by the clergy entirely abolished. These measures Sardinia considers of the highest importance, and necessary for the peace of Italy.

With respect to Naples the Plenipotentiaries are very outspoken. They look on the state of that kingdom as a disgrace to the Italian name, and suggest the intervention of the allies, and the establishment of guarantees for a just administration. The case of Puerio is alluded to by name, and he is declared to be the victim of a Government which seeks to crush all that is noble and healthy in Italy. When Sardinia comes to speak of the direct Austrian dominion, it is, of course, necessary to proceed with caution. The Plenipotentiaries state that circumstances will not allow them to discuss the separation of Lombardy and Venice from the Austrian empire. Any change in this direction must arise from the eventualities of the future. However, they assert that these provinces form part of Italy, and are insepara-

bly united with their own country and the rest of the Peninsula. They complain of the political proscriptions which have taken place, and the unsatisfactory nature of the so-called amnesty. The obstacles interposed between Lombardy and Piedmont are mentioned. High duties, it is said, are placed on Piedmontese productions, and passports are with difficulty obtained by Austrian subjects, and needlessly scrutinized when a Sardinian would cross the frontier. The discontent which prevails in the Austro-Italian States is noticed, and declared to be the effect of an oppressive Government. For all these wrongs Sardinia asks redress. Some acknowledgment of a national unity in Italy is considered by the statesmen of Turin to be the first step in insuring prosperity and peace. A Customs' union, it is alleged, would develop the resources of the country and facilitate that intercommunication which is so much wanted. Material improvements would follow the removal of political oppression. The whole state of Italy is recommended to the care of the Plenipotentiaries now assembled in Paris, who are reminded that the Congress of Vienna did not scruple to interfere in the affairs of every nation, and to settle questions relating but little to the war which then ended.

We have laid before the public this sketch of the questions which have grown out of the late conflict, believing that they will not possess less interest than the terms of the pacification itself. We cannot but be surprised and gratified at the courage with which a small State has ventured to appeal for justice in the face of Europe. A spirit and a language almost new in diplomacy seem to augur changes which may astonish Old World statesmen. Every Englishman will await with interest the result of these new discussions.

WAITER.—This passage in *Evelina* (1779) seems curious, as showing how lately the etiquette of waiters was introduced :

"Just then a servant brought Lady Louisa a note upon a waiter, which is a ceremony always used to her ladyship."

This curiosity may be interesting to those who are glad to know the dates of such introductions, without making martyrs of themselves by wading through three volumes of sentimentality. — *Notes and Queries*.

THE following has been copied from a gravestone in Essex, England :

"Here lies the man Richard,  
And Mary his wife;  
Their surname was Pritchard,  
They lived without strife;  
And the reason was plain —  
They abounded in riches,  
They had no care, or pain,  
And his wife wore the breeches."